

**BILLY SUNDAY
HIS TABERNACLES
AND SAWDUST TRAILS**

T. T. FRANKENBERG

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W. B. Sunday

BILLY SUNDAY

His Tabernacles and Sawdust Trails

*A biographical sketch of the famous
baseball evangelist*

By
Theodore Thomas Frankenberg

Author, "Spectacular Career of Rev. Billy Sunday"
"Essentials in Journalism," etc.



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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

TO the collectors of Sundayana, if such there be, the present volume will recall an earlier effort by the same author, which went to the world under the title "The Spectacular Career of Rev. Billy Sunday". At the time, (1913) the volume had at least the modest merit of being a pioneer in the field and of being as near a compilation of authoritative biographical matter as was available to the average reader.

Several other books have made their appearance in the interval, and while they have enriched the literature that relates to the evangelist, they have not added materially to the sum total of biographical information. In all that has been written it can not be urged with any degree of assurance that the critical estimate of the man has been fixed with anything like definiteness.

But some things have been established by the lapse of four years. One of these facts is that the Rev. W. A. Sunday is important in history, and this quite aside from his teachings or the results attending his efforts. This, which was a question four years ago, is now beyond argument.

To fail to appreciate this is to miss, not the genius of the man, but of the American people. Sunday always will have a place in American history, the same

as W. J. Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Col. Wm. Cody (Buffalo Bill), P. T. Barnum, Robert Ingersoll, and others who have stood out as the teachers of some one thing or idea. Not that these are the persons with whom he would naturally seek comparison, not that they are the men with whose names his is most frequently linked, but that they have been the embodiment of some idea or fact which for a considerable period of time has held a considerable portion of the American people in thrall.

That Sunday has so held the American people not the worst skeptic can doubt. Having exercised almost a religious zeal in excluding from the pages which follow, anything that might seem to judge the man or his works, this would not be the place to give utterance to an opinion. It is doubtful whether a truly worth while judgment of the man and his works can be achieved until after he shall have passed from the field of active endeavors, until his work can be measured by the same standards as that of Moody, Wesley, Luther, Savonarola, and others.

In the meantime, revised, extended, and brought down to date, "Billy Sunday, His Tabernacles and Sawdust Trails" holds fast to the ideal that animated the earlier work, to present in concise form the facts of the man's life, to cite authorities and references, and to give to the reader opportunities for ampler research if that is desired. It is some compliment to the earlier work that not once has any important statement in it been questioned. So far as possible all references have been checked and verified again. The new matter that has been added has been credited

to its sources as also the matter retained from the earlier edition. The author believes that it is the last word in authoritative compilation of facts about the life and work of one of the most discussed men in the public eye today. As such it is commended to the army of friends and supporters of Rev. W. A. Sunday.

THEODORE T. FRANKENBERG,
Columbus, Ohio.
February, 1917.



CHAPTER I

What Manner of Man Is This

DURING the early part of the second decade of the twentieth century, those writers who concerned themselves with the career and activities of Rev. William Ashley Sunday, known far and wide as "Billy" Sunday, were at some pains to explain that he was or would be a national character. How much of this explanation is due to the peculiar psychology of the American people and to business conditions, it might be difficult to say.

Mr. Sunday is a product of that part of the United States commonly designated as the Middle West. Magazines and literary efforts that are supposed to have more than a local circulation come, for the most part, from the East, so that there is a general practice of apologizing for anything which does not originate in the vicinity of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

But the day of explaining or apologizing for Billy Sunday has passed; not that any complete explanation has been offered, nor is being offered, but there is no longer need of making excuses for any tale concerning him, so long as the account adheres to facts and has either the merit of novelty or interesting presentation.

That Sunday has fame commensurate with the greatest of the popular heroes of the day, there is no

room to doubt. What ranking history will give him, it is too early to attempt to state. At the hour when all but the very largest cities have felt the touch of his magnetism and when campaigns are pending which will include even the world's metropolis, it would be difficult indeed to assign him a fixed place in that rare galaxy of international and historic interpreters of the gospel who have extended from the days of St. Paul to the present, and who have included Luther, Savonarola, Peter the Hermit, Wesley, and many others of varying types of the same great faith.

The effect which Mr. Sunday has had upon the communities he has visited, has extended over too wide a territory and over too long a period to question its magnitude or importance. That he is the greatest evangelist of the present century, is conceded by practically all who are not opposed to him for some reason or other. A few, it is true, deny him that title, but they are those who place an extraordinarily strict construction upon the term.

The merest statement of his accredited accomplishments is startling. More than 150 series of meetings held throughout the length and breadth of the land, resulting in the professed conversion of more than 500,000 souls, is a record which, on its face, will challenge comparison with the most conspicuous in ancient or modern history. To establish the justice of comparison, it is not necessary to go into the merit of the methods employed, nor the motives that have operated — to do this, would be to vitiate all standards and compel history to be rewritten from the time when Constantine swung an empire into the Christian

fold and became an object of suspicion for all succeeding generations.

Early missionaries who made their way north from Italy into the wilds of Gaul, Germany, and the British Isles are accredited with wonderful results in converting the natives to the Christian faith. Yet, it is admitted history that in many instances, a tribe or clan followed blindly in the wake of its leader and religious observances were laid on and off like a mantle. Neither will the history of the modern church stand scrutiny if the inner motives that prompted all of the leaders are questioned in the light of high moral standards. Henry VIII divorced England from the Roman church that he might divorce himself from an objectionable wife. The princes of Northern Germany espoused the cause of Luther, because it gave them a pretext to war against the domination of the House of Austria. Yet, in the history of the world and the advance of religion, all of these men and their actions have played important and lasting parts.

Criticism is, and always has been, directed against the methods and the results achieved in evangelical and general Christian work. A careful contemplation of history simply compels the conclusion that there are at the present time no recognized standards whereby the work of various men in various ages may be measured successfully.

It is only possible, therefore, to estimate Rev. Mr. Sunday by comparing his admitted achievements with the accredited achievements of the great historical evangelists, and with these it would seem that he ranks in every way a peer.

In recent years there has been an ever increasing amount of trained observation and criticism directed towards his work, from which a consensus of judgment may be established.

As early as June, 1910, Dr. Thomas E. Green, writing in *Hampton's magazine*, said, after an extended description of the man's manners :

"That's Billy Sunday, America's great evangelist. On the platform he 'plays ball.' Attitude, gestures, methods — he crouches, rushes, whirls, bangs his message out, as if he were at the bat in the last inning, with two men out and the bases full. And he can go into any city in America and for six weeks talk to six thousand people twice a day and simply turn that community inside out. Over 300,000 people have been 'converted' under his preaching — and he says, ninety per cent of them stick."

Even earlier than that, Lindsay Denison, writing in the September, 1907, number of the *American Magazine*, without making a pretense to direct interest in religion, nor posing as an authority on that subject, said :

"I have seen many a university foot-ball victory celebration; I have seen several riots of joy after a Yale-Harvard boat race; I was in the headquarters of District Attorney Jerome of New York when the word came, on election night, that he had beaten independently the candidates of all the regular parties. But I have never seen any crowd more beside itself than was the congregation of the tabernacle when the meeting was over.

The noise was inchoate until Fred Fischer took charge and organized it. There were a hundred dangerous rushes by people at the back to reach the platform and Billy Sunday. Fischer got them singing. When they were tired of singing a tune, he asked them to whistle it and then to hum it. Now and then somebody got up and interrupted by calling for three cheers for Billy Sunday! And when it was announced that altogether Sunday had won 1,118 Fairfield souls from the Devil for Christ it seemed as though the roof was tugging at the rafters."

After the campaign in Columbus the larger magazines began to give more and more attention to the career of this evangelist. Bruce Barton was assigned by *Collier's* to make a close study of the man and his method, and in the spring of 1913 he made this summing up:

"It's fourteenth-century theology, you say, and perhaps that's true. But there is no cant in it. It is the hard-hitting message of a strong man, stirred to the depths of his soul by the spectacle of puny, impotent, mortal men setting themselves in revolt against the purpose of Almighty God. And men respond to it—the leading men of the city—editors, merchants, bankers, as well as the rank and file. No other evangelist owes so little of his success to emotionalism; none other can number a larger proportion of men and women on his convert rolls.

"You must hear him more than once to know his power; indeed it takes quite the cumulative effect of his meetings, night after night, to represent him adequately. The par-

ticular sermon that you may hear may seem to you overdrawn, even futile; the immediate effect of it on the converts who come forward may appear all out of proportion to its worth. You should have heard them all. I heard him once in a little town in Central Illinois — a rainy night, when he spoke with difficulty and, to my mind, poorly. 'Surely,' I said to myself, 'this is an off night for Billy; there'll be no response to a sermon like that.' And yet he had hardly concluded when the converts came trooping toward the platform, and the first man among them the president of the local gas company.

"It is the hammer, hammer, hammer of six or seven weeks of man-to-man talk that compels results.

"And the results — what are they?

"In Decatur, Ill., he labored six weeks, and more than 5,000 persons pressed forward to take his hand — the sign of their intention to begin another life. The meetings closed on the eve of a local option election. On the morning after the election, when the result of the overwhelming vote was known, there appeared this sign in the front window of one of the most prominent saloons:

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

By order of

BILLY SUNDAY.

"The *Herald*, a newspaper in Decatur, had for years served the interests of the local Republican machine with a fidelity that was as unswerving as it was conscienceless. For the stars to reverse themselves in their orbits would have caused no greater surprise in Decatur than for the *Herald* to bolt the ma-

chine ticket. Yet after the meetings the *Herald* did bolt, and declared itself in favor of the Democratic candidate for Mayor, nominated on a reform platform. 'The influence of that paper, conducted as it is,' said one of the thoughtful men of Decatur, 'is worth \$500,000 to this town; and Sunday did it.'

In the same article occurs another paragraph that refers to a paper in the City of Columbus:

"The Ohio State Journal was compelled to deny editorially that its first-page columns, which were given over every morning to the meetings, as well as the whole second page, had been purchased by the Sunday organization. 'We never received a cent,' it said, 'never expect to; would not take it if it were offered. Devoting so much space to Billy Sunday is newspaper business, pure and simple. The people want to read what he says. In all our experience we never knew of such universal desire to read something as there is to read Mr. Sunday's sermons. Therefore we print them.'"

Think of that from a leading newspaper in a city of nearly 200,000, with all its thousand conflicting interests."

Mr. Barton seems to lay particular stress upon the importance of newspapers when it comes to estimating the work of a revivalist, as he is at some pains to quote a third instance of the same general type, reproducing the following publisher's notice which appeared on the front page of the McKees-

port, Pa., *Times* when the Sunday campaign closed there in the fall of 1912:

“From this date forward the *Evening Times* will not accept the advertisement of any distiller, brewer, or wholesale or retail liquor dealer. This rule is made a part of the policy of the advertising department of this newspaper.

“From this date forward the *Evening Times* will not accept the advertisement of any manufacturer or seller of remedies for diseases caused by vice, appliances or preparations that are against morality and good public policy, of practitioners who prey upon the credulity and fear of youth, or of compounds of the ‘make beer at home’ sort. A few advertisements that come under these last headings are now running in the *Evening Times* under contract, but such arrangements will be discontinued at the earliest possible day.

“It is the desire of the management of this newspaper that it shall be a force for the betterment of its city and district, and no effort will be spared to make and keep its columns so clean that it may be read every day with entire safety and real benefit by persons of all ages and both sexes.

McKEESPORT TIMES COMPANY,

BY WILLIAM B. KAY,
General Manager.”

While these earlier samples of newspaper influence are marked by particular enthusiasm and fervor, they are not unlike those which have followed at a still later period from the strictly metropolitan

press of the country. Only in so far as these are by nature more conservative, were their utterances more carefully phrased. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Omaha, and other cities of similar size, have repeated the testimony given by McKeesport, Columbus, Decatur, and the lesser cities cited.

So much for the secular press. In conclusion, it is interesting to quote from the well known *Congregationalist* which because of the attitude of certain ministers in that denomination was popularly supposed to be opposed to Mr. Sunday. In an editorial of its issue in April 1913, it said:

“Who can help rejoicing when the inertia and indifference of years gives way to love for God and the service of others, when men who have lived long in the under-world and have become besotted and brutal are totally reconstructed. Humanly speaking, Mr. Sunday effects such results in countless cases and, humanly speaking, these changes would not be likely to come about without him. And who can doubt that along with increasing reliance upon cultural methods we need also to preach and to stand for a gospel that radically and often changes the inner life. Many men and women in middle life today are far beyond the reach of cultural methods. They need the sounding of a trumpet which will awaken them from their sleep. It is significant that, as a rule, those who work with Mr. Sunday from the beginning to the end of a campaign reach a point where they are more inclined to appreciation than to criticism or condemnation.”

Joseph H. Odell under the topic of "The Mechanics of Revivalism," gives this estimate of the evangelist and his message:

"Men who repudiate his creed and abhor his methods nevertheless admit his sincerity, his transparency, his convictions. And this is one of the chief reasons of his tremendous power over men. Every one feels his reality; he may be crude and cruel, ignorant and narrow, dogmatic and archaic, — or any one of a score of other things that are said about him, — but he is real. His faith triumphs over the reluctance of many a man who rejects his belief. For example, he denounces the higher criticism in the most volcanic language, but many cultivated and learned clergymen who accept the findings of the higher critics smile and continue to work with him; he ridicules and misrepresents evolution, and consigns it to hell, but scores of men who are thoroughly trained scientists and accept the hypothesis of evolution as they do that of gravitation nevertheless go on with the campaign and cooperate in the mission. And the reason is that they care absolutely nothing for Sunday's second-hand opinions on such questions of scholarship, but they are certain that he is a man who whole-heartedly, passionately stands for God and for righteousness, and does it with a measure of effectiveness that is beyond question.

For the same reason Sunday's use of slang is pardoned. And he is the supreme artist in American slang; Chimmie Fadden was a novice and a purist beside him. At first it seems irreverent, and there are many who never cease to shudder; but they tolerate it because it is the language Billy Sunday speaks

naturally, and it is the language that the men of the shops and foundries hear every day and readily grasp. It is slang only to the educated, and if they are truly educated they have learned the meaning of toleration in unessentials. There is no doubt that it is effective; by its use Sunday gains the ear of thousands who would turn away from pure English. And it serves the purpose of showing to the mass of men that the evangelist is of them and understands them. There are refined people in the audience who know that the prologue to the Gospel of Luke is the only pure Greek of the New Testament, and that Jesus taught, even in his sublimest and loftiest parables, in the patois of the mean streets and the common people.

But it does not matter what defects of form or taste there may be in Sunday's sermons; the outstanding, unmistakable, undisguisable thing is that he is a genuine man devoting his strength without reserve to preaching the only gospel by which he believes men may be saved from hell. He is not a scholar, not a thinker, not a sophist, nor an actor, — but a healthy, frank, fearless, and irrepressible man, who offers no apology for doing the one thing he feels that his God has told him to do: preach a puritan gospel to a godless generation. One cannot explain his success by stressing anything else. If every detail of his organization were perfected and any one else were to take his place as the central figure, the movement would end as a farce. There was a time when Colonel Roosevelt could have gone to Philadelphia and commanded an audience of twenty thousand people for one night; but what other living man can command twenty thousand hearers twice each day and three

times on Sunday? And not for a week, but for eight weeks. As a phenomenon in crowd-gathering it is the most remarkable in history. The statistics, as gathered carefully by a responsible Philadelphia paper, — the Evening Ledger, — show on March 10: Number of sermons preached to date, 122; total attendance, 2,330,000. And it may be added that scores, perhaps hundreds of thousands have been turned away for lack of space.”

Having cited the testimony of disinterested writers of the secular and religious press, it is fitting to produce the testimony of a fellow evangelist. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who in the early days of Mr. Sunday's career was closer in touch with him than any other and who always has maintained a close friendship, in a letter to a friend thus gives his intimate views on Mr. Sunday's work:

“I have the very greatest possible joy and delight in the successful ministry of the Rev. W. A. Sunday. I consider him one of the most genuine, true-hearted men I have ever known and believe that he has almost in perfection what every minister must have if he is to be a success in his preaching, namely, a consuming passion, that all who do not know Christ should accept Him as a Saviour. It is, of course, not possible for everyone to possess the remarkable gifts with which Mr. Sunday has been naturally endowed, but it is possible to be dead in earnest, and without in any way detracting from Mr. Sunday's mental, physical and spiritual equipment, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that much of his phenomenal success is to be traced to his downright earnestness. A half-

hearted minister has never yet done much in the cause of Christ, and Mr. Sunday is setting the ministers of the United States and the world a noble example in thus throwing himself into his great work with such tremendous zeal. I do not know how long he can last if he continues working under such heavy pressure, but I have no doubt that he has counted the cost and that he has fully decided that it will be far better for him to preach for a limited time as he is now preaching and have the consciousness that he is being blessed of God in his work, and turning multitudes to Christ rather than to live a less strenuous life and see a fewer number come to the Saviour.

“If a fair proportion of the ministers of the Church would preach with the same spirit of abandonment which possesses Mr. Sunday I believe all the world would hear of Christ in a generation. It is one of my great joys to realize that I may have had some influence in determining Mr. Sunday’s life work. He came to me many years ago to help in my services. He was ready to do anything if only he could be of assistance to me, to sell books, to direct the ushers, to look after the inquirers, to make my burdens lighter in every way, and he had the same hearty enthusiasm in doing such ordinary things as he has since displayed in his most remarkable work.”

Concerning such a man, it may be worth while to question further of his life and work.

CHAPTER II

Cradled With the Lowly

GOD makes few exceptions to the general rule in preparing His great men for the world. Almost invariable they come from the soil and from humble origin—yet the stock is always good. The seclusion of the Kentucky mountains, and the grinding poverty of a small cabin, could not hide the blood that flowed in Abraham Lincoln's veins. Garfield on a tow-path was a true descendant of the Revolution. The rule holds with most of the truly great who have preached the Inspired Word, and Rev. W. A. Sunday is no exception.

Ames, Iowa, still a very little place after more than seventy-five years of municipal existence, claims the birthplace of the evangelist, and so hard pressed and lacking in comfort were those early days, that Mr. Sunday seldom refers to them except in general terms, or to point some pertinent lessons in the discourse he has in hand.

The Sunday family is an old one, even in this country. Before the days of its residency in Pennsylvania the family lived in Germany. The German form of the name was Sonntag, and this was literally translated into "Sunday" before the Revolutionary days. This, in itself, explains and refutes the charge sometimes made, that the evangelist masquerades under an assumed name. The Pennsylvania archives

show that several of the Sunday family served in the Revolutionary war.

In an address delivered at a meeting in Pennsylvania Mr. Sunday took occasion to refer to his ancestry in these words:

“My grandmother on my mother’s side was Welsh; my father was a German, born near Chambersburg—and you can’t find a triumvirate of ancestors for any man to be more proud of than that.”

Some years before the outbreak of the Civil war William Sunday, father of the evangelist, moved with his family from Chambersburg, Pa., and settled in Iowa. Father and grandfather were farmers and tilled the soil. It is the frequent boast of Rev. Mr. Sunday that at the age of nine, he held a man’s place in the harvest field and did a full day’s work with the rest of the hands.

With the outbreak of the Civil war William Sunday, the evangelist’s father, like so many other Iowa patriots, answered the early call for troops. Quoting from the records of the United States Department of War Adjutant General H. O. S. Heistand, says:

“The records show that William Sunday was enrolled August 14, 1862, at Des Moines, Iowa, and was mustered into service September 19, 1862, as a private in Company E, 23d Iowa Infantry Volunteers, to serve three years, and that he died of disease December 22, 1862, at Patterson, Missouri.”

Mr. Sunday never saw his father. On the 19th of November, 1862, he was born, the third of three

boys. Before he was two months old he was an orphan. The other children were Albert and Edward. Just how much the evangelist values family connections in his estimate of life, is shown in one of his well known sermons in which he says:

“I have as much to be proud of as to lineage as any one; my great-grandfather was in the revolutionary war, and my daughter is eligible to the D. A. R. General U. S. Grant was a fourth cousin of mine. My grandfather and he played together, ate out of the same tin pans. When he was elected president he wrote a letter to my grandfather asking him to go down to Washington for a three weeks' visit. I've seen the letter. That don't get me anything, though.”

This grandfather, Squire Corey, was one of the guiding influences of the boy's life, and was possibly second to his mother, to whom, in common with most great men, he ascribes practically all that he is. The grandfather was an orchardist, and also a worker in wood—very frequently referred to in Mr. Sunday's sermons, as a maker of caskets.

Squire Corey was one of the considerable men of his community and though his circumstances would be considered modest in this age, they were at least comfortable for the society that prevailed in Iowa during the Civil war.

How hard the first few years were, probably even the evangelist does not know. The meager pension which the government allowed was not sufficient for the maintenance of a family of four and, accordingly, at an early age the mother decided that

she would have to send the two younger boys to an orphan asylum.

This decision on the part of Sunday's mother was hastened, if not necessitated, by her further matrimonial ventures. Mrs. Sunday was married not long after the death of her first husband, to G. A. Heizer, but within another year was again a widow. The third time she married W. J. Stowell and this union proved somewhat of a trial to the mother of the future evangelist, as the step-father was not kindly disposed to the children of the deceased veteran. Of this fact, however, Mr. Sunday has never made public recognition. That the boys should be sent to a public institution for training, he always has accepted as a part of the divine plan that has shaped his entire career.

Nothing could be more effective than the evangelist's own description of the parting, which he uses frequently in his sermons, and which seems, naturally enough, to have made a very deep impression on his young mind.

"At Ames, Iowa," he says, "we had to wait for the train and we went to a little hotel and they came about one o'clock and said: 'Get ready for the train.' I looked into mother's face, and her eyes were red, her hair was disheveled. I said: 'What's the matter mother?' All the time Ed and I slept. Mother had been praying.

"We went to the train; she put one arm about me and the other about Ed and sobbed as if her heart would break. People walked by and looked at us, but they didn't say a word. Why? They didn't know, and if

they did, they wouldn't have cared. Mother knew. She knew that for five years she wouldn't see her boys. We got into the train and said 'Good-bye mother,' as the train pulled out.

"We reached Council Bluffs. It was cold and we turned our little thin coats around our necks and shivered. We saw a hotel and went up and asked a lady for something to eat. She said: 'What's your name?'

"'My name's Willie Sunday and this is my brother Ed.'

"'Where are yon going?'

"'Going to the Soldiers' Orphans' home at Glenwood,' I said.

"She wiped her tears and said: 'My husband was a soldier and never came back. He wouldn't turn anyone away, and I wouldn't turn you boys away.' She threw her arms about us and said: 'Come on in.' She gave us our breakfast and our dinner, too. There wasn't any train going out on the 'Q' until afternoon. We played around the freight yards. We saw a freight train standing there, so we climbed into the caboose.

"The conductor came along and said:

"'Where is your money?' 'Ain't got any.'

"'Where is your ticket?' 'Ain't got any ticket.' You can't ride without money or tickets, I'll have to put you off.'

"We commenced to cry. My brother handed him a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the orphans' home. The conductor read it, handed it back as the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he said: 'Just sit still, boys. It won't cost you a cent to ride on my train.'

"It's only 20 miles from Council Bluffs to Glenwood, and, as we rounded the curve, the conductor said: 'There it is on the hill.' We went there and stayed for years."

The institution at Glenwood was conducted by the state and was subsequently used for other purposes than an orphans' home. All the children were transferred to the newer institution at Davenport. F. J. Sessions, Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Davenport, says:

"Howard E. and William A. Sunday were admitted to this institution by transfer from the Glenwood, Iowa, Soldiers' Orphans' Home when the latter was closed January 29, 1875. They were admitted to the Glenwood institution September 25, 1874. Dismissed from this institution June 10, 1876. The records says to go home, but place is not located.

"William A. Sunday, according to our record, was born November 18, 1862. His father, William Sunday, belonged to Company E, 23d Iowa Infantry. He died of disease near Pilot Mound, Missouri, December 23, 1862."

S. W. Pierce, who was superintendent of the Home when the Sunday boys were there, says:

"He was always obedient, industrious and active at work or at play. He was a good student, and loved and respected by those who had the care of and training of him."

The years before being sent to the orphans' asylum were not without their value in their impressions upon the future evangelist, nor does he fail to make frequent references to some of them. An early penchant for swimming and the disaster that followed an unauthorized attempt to gratify the inclination, is made the subject of a forceful illustration in one of his sermons.

The fact that Squaw Creek flowed through his grandfather's farm made swimming a natural pastime. Sunday's version of this particular episode reads:

" 'Ma, I want to go swimming.' She said: 'No, Willie, it's baking day, and you must bring in the cobs and chips.' We used to have an old dish pan with holes in it, and I would fill it with cobs and chips and bring them in. I went and got some, and while I was at it I heard the fellows shouting up at the swimming hole. I took the old pan in, then I ducked. I went up and watched the other fellows awhile, then I said to myself, 'Oh, but it's hot!' So I took off my clothes and went in and paddled around on a sandbar and picked up mussel shells. Before I knew it I stepped off into 10 feet of water. I couldn't keep myself up and I went down and got a mouthful of water. I felt that I was going to drown. I had heard that when a man drowns he thinks of all the mean things he has ever done, and I know I thought of a lot of things right there. I had heard that you would go down three times, and when you went down the third time you would die. I came up once, then went down for the second time. Again I

came up gasping and choking, then I went down for the third time.

"It happened that there was a man lying on the bank just about asleep. I didn't know he was there. When he heard them shouting out, 'Willie's drowning!' he jumped up just in time to see me go down for the last time. He went in after me and groped around on the bottom and found me. I was unconscious when they took me out. They stood me on my head and let some of the water run out of me, then they laid me down and worked my arms to start me breathing again. They started to carry me home, and I came to myself and said, 'I want to go to my mamma. Oh! I'm so sick at my stomach! E-yah-ah!' and up came a lot of water. Mother had missed me, and she was out calling, 'Wil-lie! Wil-lie!' They took me in and put me to bed, and mother put a plaster on me. She ought to have put a plaster on me somewhere else. Do you know that incident made such an impression on me that I was a good boy for—for I reckon as much as two weeks."

Another familiar incident of these early days in which his grandfather figures, which he frequently tells in another sermon, indicates the activities of the farm. He describes it as follows:

"When I was a little boy my grandfather said to me: 'Willie, come on,' and he took a ladder, and beeswax, a big jack-knife, a saw and some cloth, and we went into the valley. He leaned the ladder to a sour crab-apple tree, climbed up and sawed off some of the limbs, split them and shoved in them some little pear sprouts as big as my finger

and twice as long, and around them he tied a string and put in some beeswax. I said, 'Grandpa, what are you doing?' He said, 'I'm grafting pear sprouts into the sour crab.' I said, 'What will grow crab-apples or pears?' He said, 'Pears, I don't know that I'll ever live to eat the pear—I hope I may—but I know you will.' I lived to see those sprouts which were no longer than my finger, grow as large as my limb and I climbed the tree and picked and ate the pears. He introduced a graft of another variety and that changed the nature of the tree."

Shortly after he left the asylum young Sunday came to Nevada, Iowa, where he was given a home with Colonel John Scott, a veteran of the Union army, who at one time served his state as lieutenant governor. Colonel Scott was a breeder of Shetland ponies, and the boy helped to care for them in return for his board and clothes.

Charles H. Hall, for many years mayor of Nevada, and one of the many loyal supporters of the evangelist, says in a letter:

"Bill Sunday, in boyhood days, was no angel, but was a good, average, energetic boy. He was fond of all kinds of sports. He had a record of running 100 yards in 10 seconds; a fine swimmer, and could out-jump any of the other boys. Many people here insist that the world has never produced as good a ball-player. His position was center field. He was a sure batter and a good base-runner. What was a one-base hit for others, was a two-bagger for him. In a game at Marshalltown, Iowa, Capton Anson, from

Chicago, saw him work and took him back with him to Chicago, where he played on the Chicago team.

"Billy liked the girls and was a favorite among them. He was popular also with his boy associates. He was fair-minded, and never stirred up strife. He was never looking for trouble, but would fight at the drop of the hat if imposed upon. He displayed no traits in youth of becoming the preacher he now is."

Finally, there is the judgment of his mother. After Mr. Sunday had become a national character and passed his fiftieth year, Mrs. W. J. Stowell, then a woman in her seventies, gave to a newspaper writer who visited her for that purpose, a vivid word picture of the boyhood days of the evangelist. Mrs. Stowell never ceased to have the highest admiration for her son's work, coupled as it always was with that loving tenderness which made him to her a boy in spite of his years and in spite of his fame. This is the mother's account:

"Willie is a good boy. He was always so." If one continues to discuss the evangelist, his mother is sure to tell of some of the amusing incidents that happened during Willie's boyhood, when but a little lad he ran free over his grandfather's farm in Story county, Iowa. The farm was located near Ames, not far from the agricultural school of that name, and was owned by the evangelist's grandfather, "Squire" J. E. Cory, who was a typical pioneer of the Middle West. "Squire" Cory, until a year before his death at the age of 72, never thought

of climbing to the back of one of his horses from a block, but instead he would grasp the pommel and leap into the saddle in true western fashion without touching the stirrup. According to his mother, Billy was the pride of his grandfather's heart and was taught many of his boyish athletic tricks by him. When but a mere baby the "Squire" would place the boy upon his outstretched hand and raise him high in the air. "Willie would just stand there as straight as an arrow and never make a whimper," says his mother with just a touch of pride in her voice when she tells about it. "He was a great favorite with his grandpa because he was such an active little chap."

Since the time the evangelist has been old enough to walk he has been fond of dogs. His mother tells of his favorite childhood pet, a big shepherd named "Watch."

"I can remember when Willie used to go to the pasture every evening for me and bring home the cows," she says. "Seems that I can almost see him now, coming down the lane astride of the cows, whistling or singing, while Watch took care to see that none of the cattle strayed from the herd. He surely loved that dog and I don't hardly think that he has forgotten his old playmate yet, although he has had several such pets since.

"Yes, Willie was always a good boy to work. Did you ask if he has always worked like he does now? I guess he has. When just a boy he would go after things pell-mell and it seemed that he always had an extra supply of energy. Some might call his methods nervousness but it appears to me just the way he is made because he has been the same ever since I can remember.



BULLY SUNDAY AND THE WHITE SOX.

RIGHT TO LEFT:

- Upper Row:* Fred Peffer, Mike Kelly, Sutcliffe, Anson, "Silver" Flint, Gore,
Lower Row: Sunday, Clarkson, Burns, Goldsmith, Dalrymple.

"I don't think Willie shall ever have what you call a nervous breakdown. Even though he works ever so hard it is just his fashion and I guess he can stand it. He is built peculiarly, that is why so many people do not understand him when they meet or watch him. At times, I know he seems to be snappy, but it is his style when he is busy and he has no idea he is hurting the feelings of any one. He was just the same when he was a boy. He always put his whole soul into everything that he did, whether it was work or play. I guess that is what has helped to make him the man he is.

"Willie always liked to play games where he could show his strength, for he was a strong little lad. I can remember that many times before he was ten years old he would go down to the college where the boys were playing ball and get in the game with them. I guess he was pretty good at baseball even then. After his grandfather died he and Ed — Ed is his brother who lives out in North Dakota — went to school at Marshalltown. My, but I missed my children so much.

"Their father had died during the Civil war while serving in the 23d Iowa down south, and he never got to see Willie. His name was Willie, too, and we named the baby for him. His father had always liked the name Ashley, so that is where Willie got his middle name."

This wonderful mother influence was with Sunday for more than 50 years. It was only a few days after the close of his most successful campaign, in

Kansas City, that she was called to her reward. It served to give expression in a public way to the wonderful filial affection which the evangelist had given in return for the mother love which had been lavished over half a century. Mr. Sunday himself spoke briefly to the friends and neighbors who had gathered for the last services. The simplicity and directness of the event made a great impression on the newspaper men who gathered to chronicle the event. The staff representative of the Kansas City Times, in his report, says:

"In his 1-minute talk to the old friends and neighbors at the funeral services, Billy Sunday said:

"Mother might have been buried in any clime, in the most picturesque place, amidst the most noted scenery—she might have slept on the banks of the Hudson—anywhere her heart desired. But her heart in the last days turned with longing to the old trees with which she was familiar. Here she asked to be laid away."

"And there she was laid away under the branches of a great oak on one side and a tall evergreen on the other. The evergreen she had planted years ago with her own hands, and as she planted it, a monument to those she loved and had lost, a small boy stood by her side watching her at her work. That boy was her youngest son, favorite of her heart, and the world knows him now as Billy Sunday.

"Mr. Sunday himself stood under the shade of the evergreen today, taking his place there by choice, and looked on with tear dimmed eyes while her coffin was

lowered in the grave. The grave itself is just between those of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Squire M. Corey, and on either side are simple headstones marking where were buried two sisters and three children.

"When the Rev. T. E. Thuresson, pastor of the Methodist Church here, of which Mrs. Sunday had been a member, closed his short funeral sermon, Billy Sunday stepped to his mother's coffin and said:

" 'I would like to speak to you old neighbors and friends and thank you for your kindness and your sympathy in welcoming us back to this town where we lived among you. I do not know what I would do if I should come back here and not find the old familiar friends who were so good to us, when as a boy I sold vegetables from the farm along these streets.'

"He named over a list of old friends who were in the audience.

" 'The hands that worked so hard for us boys then are now at rest. She mended our clothes, she soothed us to sleep, comforted our little sorrows. In those days you were our friends. I thank you for this last service of love to us.'

" 'I remember once when we were small lads (the other boy was Edward), she told us to go out and cut some wood. It was almost dark and we were afraid to go alone. We said, 'Mother, if you will go with us we will not be afraid.' So mother went with us and stood by, and every once in a while we would look up and see if mother was still there, until we had finished the work.

" 'So I know that mother will watch over me yet until I have finished my work, and God will say, "It is enough; come up here to Heaven" and I shall see her again.'

“ ‘I would like to speak to you,’ Mr. Sunday said, turning to the coffin, ‘but I cannot. A bird with a broken wing had as well attempt to fly as that I should try to speak to you now.’

“Women were sobbing and men were in tears when Sunday closed with the reference to the resting place of his mother on the old home farm. In her last days she had no need to fight against obstacles of any kind. Billy Sunday has cared for his mother abundantly since he grew to manhood. But as Ames remembers her, she was the mother hard pressed by circumstances. Even in that day Ames recalls the fact that William was a great stay to her. The old time citizens here who knew them will not admit that Billy Sunday ever was an unworthy man.

“ ‘He was good to his mother,’ the women here say of him, ‘even when he was a little fellow.’

“ ‘That boy always was a worker,’ the old men say. ‘He helped his mother and worked hard.’ ”

CHAPTER III

With the World as a Schoolmaster

GEORGE EBERS, in the preface to his great novel "Homo Sum" adopts the old Latin motto "Nothing That Is Human Is Foreign To Me." Thus is described the curriculum of the greatest university of the world—life itself. It is in this university that W. A. Sunday has acquired his Ph. D. and LL. D., and in that capacity he holds fellowship with Abraham Lincoln, Dwight L. Moody, William Lloyd Garrison, Guiseppe Garibaldi, and the many others whose lives shine as beacons throughout the realm of history. Persistently the world's inquiry of a man who has achieved is—what was his education, thinking to learn through that the route by which he blazed his way to an eminence which makes men marvel. If it were the way, and not the man, then all who tread the path might hope to reach pre-eminence.

History will not endorse this philosophy. It is the individual, the aspiring soul, the endeavoring mind which grasps each problem as it comes, and solves it; which wrestles with such difficulty, and throws it; which ultimately finds itself breathing in the rarified air which God has ordained for the elect of history. W. A. Sunday is authorized to write himself reverend, an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and that fact alone would pre-

suppose a considerable academic career. This assumption, however, does violence to the fact. Few men probably ever came to their ordination by a more peculiar route than has the famous baseball evangelist.

The poverty of his youth and the early life in the orphan asylums was not conducive to deep learning or profound thinking, however intimately it might acquaint him with the joys and griefs of life. The country school house undoubtedly gave him his first rudiments of knowledge. From his own lips there is authority for the statement that he was in no way a remarkable student:

“When I was a little boy, out in Iowa,” he says, “at the end of the term of school it was customary for the teachers to give us little cards, with a hand in one corner holding a scroll, and in that scroll was a place to write the name. ‘Willie Sunday, good boy.’ Willie Sunday never got hump-shouldered lugging them home, I can tell you. I never carried off the champion long-distance belt for verse quoting, either. If you ever saw an American kid, I was one.”

Earlier than most boys, however, he became convinced of the value of an education, and by work and sacrifice, he made possible through his own efforts what school training he received. It was in the late seventies according to Mr. Hall, of Nevada, Iowa, that he came to that town to take up his high school studies, having prepared himself as best he might in the county schools and at the orphanages. Mr. Hall, is authority for the statement, that while he attended high school for several years, he did not graduate.

It was while pursuing this course that he lived with Colonel Scott, and by working for him earned the privilege of going to school.

According to the evangelist, his choice of studies ran to geography and history. "I was a dunce in arithmetic," he says, "and grammar was not my long suit, either."

One of the means which Sunday employed to become self-supporting, was that of acting as janitor in a school house. It was in this capacity that an event took place which is frequently referred to by the evangelist in his sermons:

"I was working," as he tells it, "in a school house where I went to school when a boy out in Iowa. I received the enormous sum of \$25 per month for sweeping out the building, carrying the coal, and having the title of janitor.

"One day I went up to the bank to get my check cashed. Another fellow was standing beside me at the cashier's window and we both shoved our checks in at the same time. When I got outside I looked at the roll of bills in my hand and discovered that I had \$40, just \$15 more than my check called for. As I was standing in the middle of the sidewalk debating with myself what to do, along came a friend of mine, who is one of the biggest lawyers in Kansas City. I told him about the extra money and he told me to keep it and nobody would be the wiser. Well, I did, and when I was converted years afterwards the first thing that came to my mind was the \$15. I went ahead for years until finally one time I was down in Terre Haute with Dr. Chapman. Every time I

got down to pray, God seemed to tap me on the shoulder and say, 'Remember the \$15.'

"Well, one night I went up to my room in the hotel and wrote a letter to that bank out in Iowa asking if the accounts at that time had come out short, and explaining that it was Billy Sunday that had taken the \$15 and enclosed the money with interest."

From an unfinished high school course to an ordained minister is a far cry, however, and there was many a pungent lesson in the school of life before this first acknowledgment by the world of what he was, could take place. It must not be forgotten that one of the great elements of his success has been the remarkable familiarity which he has with every phase of work-a-day life.

In boyhood, a farmer; in youth, a care-taker of animals, and apprenticed to a worker in wood; a professional ball player before he was 20, he put in the time between seasons in a variety of work which kept him in proper form. One of these experiences was that of fireman on what is now the Chicago and Northwestern. As soon as he became a recognized ball player, his travels naturally took him over a considerable portion of the United States and afforded him the privilege of becoming acquainted with a great many varieties of people, and different phases of life — as these differentiated themselves in the East and the West, and the North and the South.

His next effort at school work, however, relates to his connection with the Northwestern University where he took service in 1887-1888 in the capacity of

baseball coach. Dr. Nathan Wilbur Helm, principal, Evanston Academy, says of the evangelist:

"He is entered on our books as William Amos Sunday, but Dr. Fisk says he is the same man. He came to us as a baseball coach and was here only for the third term of the year 1887-88. He took work here called 'Rhetorical Exercises,' which included elocution. It is impossible to tell who his teacher was, because this was rather a general public exercise in which students were required to take part regularly, but were not under the charge of any one teacher.

"I regret that Mr. Sunday was not here longer as a regular student, but according to our records, and Dr. Fisk's statement, the facts above given apply to his sojourn here. However, I feel pleased that he was here even in that capacity.

"Dr. Fisk says that Mr. Sunday had been converted at that time, but was not actively in religious work. His influence on the ball field was excellent, and he stopped the practice of swearing, which had gotten to be somewhat of a habit with a number of the boys on the team."

More baseball, then his Young Men's Christian Association work, and finally his excursion into the evangelical field in company with other men whose reputation he has since equalled or distanced, and during all of which period he was a careful student not only of the Bible, but of current literature and everything of interest which came his way, and then he was ready for the recognition of his service to the church in general.

Previous to his ordination Mr. Sunday had been recognized as an elder in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church, Chicago, which he had joined shortly after his marriage to Helen M. Thompson. By August 1, 1898, he had been licensed to preach the gospel, but it was not until 1903 that he came up for ordination. In view of the controversies which have appeared in some sections of the secular press, it seems expedient to quote directly from the records of the Chicago Presbytery, dated April 13, 1903. This shows:

“The Committee on Education, through Rev. W. S. Plumer Bryan, chairman, so recommending, Mr. William A. Sunday, a licentiate of Presbytery, desiring to enter the ministry, was examined for ordination. His examination being sustained, it was ordered that when Presbytery adjourns it be to meet Wednesday, April 15, in Jefferson Park church for the purpose of his ordination, that Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Presbytery of New York, be requested to preach the sermon, the Moderator, Rev. Joseph A. Vance, to preside, propound constitutional questions and offer ordaining prayer, and Rev. Alexander Patterson to give the charge to the evangelist.

“Presbytery met pursuant to above adjournment, in Jefferson Park church, April 15, 8 p. m., and was opened with prayer. Present: Ministers, Joseph A. Vance, Moderator; Frank Dewitt Talmadge, Alexander Patterson; Elder J. Henry Bentz, corresponding member; J. Wilbur Chapman, President, New York. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman preached sermon. Rev. J. A. Vance propounded constitutional questions and

offered prayer of ordination. Rev. Alexander Patterson gave charge to evangelist. Adjourned with benediction by the newly ordained minister, Rev. W. A. Sunday.

"Attest, James Frothingham, Stated Clerk, Chicago Presbytery."

Mr. Sunday never has been particular about being called Reverend. Plain "Bill" or "Billy" is the appellation which seems to be dearest to his heart. Still less is he inclined to use the title Doctor of Divinity, which is the last honor which has been conferred upon him in academic circles. He holds this degree from Westminster College at New Wilmington, Pa. Dr. Robert McWatty Russell, president of the college, reports that Westminster College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Mr. Sunday at the commencement exercises June 13, 1912. Dr. Russell says:

"Mr. Sunday was not able to be present, being engaged in evangelistic services at Beaver Falls, so the degree was conferred *in absentia*.

"We count it to the honor of Westminster that she did this thing. Dr. Sunday knows his Bible, which is the true body of divinity in theological lore. Mr. Sunday has devoted his life to the supreme task of world evangelization for which the Bible is the great charter. He is, therefore, both in scholarship and practical effort entitled to the degree. Just as a Doctor of Medicine is supposed to know the Science of Medicine and practice the art of healing, so a Doctor of Divinity who knows the truth about God and practices the art of saving is entitled to the

degree. In many institutions it is customary to bestow the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon those who are men noted for their knowledge of the 'traditions of the scribes and Pharisees' than for knowledge and practical use of the Bible itself."

Patched and disjointed as are these efforts at acquiring the knowledge which to many men comes through channels so simple and natural that they are never conscious of them, they afford no real index to the attainment or the ability of the man. Agriculture he knows as well as most farmers; medicine and law he can discuss freely with professionals. Even those preachers who find that he is not profound theologically, do not say that he is not sound. Art and science he knows as well as the average amateur. The stars are not unknown to him. A colossal capacity for figures is staggering to those who become lost even in the ordinary intricacies of bookkeeping. His reading has been diversified and extremely widespread. He has a keen knowledge of the thing that will appeal to an audience, and a selective spirit which enables him to judge almost intuitively the story, the episode or the comparison which will most readily appeal to his hearers.

During the course of his campaigns he addresses in one day the society women of the city, and in the same half day the convicts of the penitentiary. He dines with the governor of the state, addresses the legislature, speaks to shopmen in large factories and is ready within a few minutes to launch upon a profound exposition of some Bible theme.

It is almost impossible to hit upon a subject for conversation where he is not better informed than the average person and at least able to discuss intelligently with those who have specialized in that line. In this respect his mind shows much in common with that of the great Napoleon, whose versatility and adaptability were the marvel of his generation. A phenomenal memory has been of material assistance in the proper use of his diversified knowledge. He calls by name readily men and women whom he has not seen for years, and then only for a brief period. He quotes verbatim whole passages not only of the Scriptures but of the English classics, and reproduces, with accuracy, those most baffling compilations of statistics, the government reports, which deal with labor, agriculture, commerce and the traffic of the world.

CHAPTER IV

A Star in the National Game

IN defense of many of the methods of modern evangelism it is often urged that when the Savior chose his disciples he called Peter from the fish nets, and Paul from his job as tent maker. In a word, those who were chosen to be messengers of the new salvation were of the people, and they preached primarily to the people. In varying degrees this has been true of all great evangelists who have achieved an acceptable ranking in history.

It is true Luther was equipped with the academic training of the clergy of his time, but his life, his habits and his language were essentially those of the common people. The German into which he translated the Holy Writ, is the German of the masses, and on his authority alone against all lexicographers, there are German expressions sanctioned which do not conform to the ordinary usages of good German diction. Modern evangelism has numerous, if not such marked, examples of the same truth.

Nor do these men ever shake off the vernacular of their early calling and association. Human nature is so constituted that that which smacks of the soil, is considered to smack of sincerity. What there is about studious and philosophical preparation that robs the masses of confidence in the man who uses it, it might be hard to explain. The fact that such a seem-

ing prejudice exists is too well known to any who have occasion to deal with the masses habitually.

There is no question but that baseball is the great American game. Its appeal is to thousands where the appeal of any other sport is to hundreds. It is distinctively American. Its vigorous, if unschooled exertions typify the American spirit, restless of all control. Full of the element of contest, rapid in its action, exhilarating in its effect, essentially a struggle in every aspect; the game is a reflex of the national life of today.

Whether or not an All Wise Providence gave thought to this when He constituted W. A. Sunday, His messenger, or whether mere natural causes sufficiently account for the bounding popularity of the evangelist, who came from the ranks of the most popular sport in America, is a matter for speculation, the outcome of which is of no particular importance. Whether a coincidence or a cause leading to an effect, is immaterial. The facts are that in stepping from a baseball team to the rostrum of a tabernacle Mr. Sunday achieved a feat without parallel in modern history, but quite in keeping with the best traditions of the calling he espouses.

A hardy and lithe form inherited from generations of those who had tilled the soil, coupled with an indomitable desire to excel in whatever line of endeavor he entered, are sufficient grounds upon which to explain the remarkable career which he enjoyed in his early youth. His history is peculiar only in that he had come to extraordinary fame in his baseball work before he took up what has proved to be his life activity.

The discovery of Billy Sunday on a back lot in Marshalltown, Iowa, by A. C. Anson, popularly known as "Captain" Anson, or "Pop" Anson, is baseball tradition. It has been the remark of sporting editors that Billy Sunday never worked in a "brush" league, but stepped full fledged, a star, into the arena of the national game when he became a member of the White Sox team in 1883.

The history of Sunday's advent into baseball is related by Charles F. Salt of the faculty of the University of Iowa, who had the data first-hand from W. L. King, lifelong resident of Ames and a friend of Sunday's during his boyhood. As Mr. King tells the story:

"It was a sad time when Billy decided to leave Nevada and go to Marshalltown to enter the fire tournament there. We all knew he wouldn't come back for he was too good a runner to stay cooped up in our section. I went to the train with him to say good-bye, but my brother accompanied him to Marshalltown to watch the tournament.

"My brother knew a man by the name of Willard in Marshalltown, with whom both he and Billy stayed while there. Willard happened to be the brother-in-law of Ada Anson, captain at that time of the Chicago White Socks.

"At the tournament tryout, which, needless to say, Billy won in a walkaway, Anson happened to be present. He had come from Chicago to visit his sister. He was immediately struck with Sunday's general make-up and grit. Billy discovered who he was and pleaded with him for a tryout on the Chi-



BILLY SUNDAY IN ACTION.

(Sketched by F. Miller for the Kansas City Star, and reproduced by special permission.)

ago team next year. Anson promised to send for him, which he did.

"In the meantime, however, Anson had written Mike Kelly, who was then a member of the Chicago team and was wintering in Minneapolis, that he (Anson) had a line on a coming young star whom he was willing to stake \$10 could beat Kelly in a foot race. Kelly, undefeated runner of the team, took the bet. The next spring Billy and Kelly arrived in Chicago on the same train. Anson met them at the station and the three of them started for a walk on one of the main boulevards. The conversation drifted to running. 'This is the man I was telling you about who has devils in his heels,' says Anson to Kelly. Kelly turned to Sunday. 'Strip your linen,' he says. Billy peeled off as far as city laws would permit for a hundred yard dash. Kelly scoffingly kept on his coat. The outcome was more or less humiliating to the mighty Kelly. He finished eating the dust from Sunday's heels.

"That year Sunday fielded like a fiend on the Chicago team, but for some reason was unable to connect with 'the pill' in true big league style. He came home to Marshalltown at the end of the season disgusted with himself and fearing that he would not receive a contract for next year. Kelly had faith in him, however, and came across with a contract for the next year. Billy made up his mind that he would hit the ball or die that year.

"The night he left my brother accompanied him to the train. Sunday's last words were, 'Watch me connect with the willow.' And he did. He topped the batting list on the Chicago team next year."

The contest to which Mr. King refers, was that of running, which in those days was a part of all the volunteer fire department activities in the West. Sunday had qualified for the Nevada and as a result of his success there, was challenged to a tournament in Marshalltown. It was at Marshalltown that he met Anson. Sunday remained with the Chicago organization for five years, and for all that time heading the batting order he played either right or center field. From Chicago at the end of five years Sunday went to Pittsburgh, and later on to Philadelphia.

All of his years of active work in promulgating the gospel has not cooled the ardor of his enthusiasm for the national game, nor abated one jot or tittle the friendship he feels for the men who are still keeping it before the public, or for the older fellows who have had to get out of the way of the younger generation. Baseball and baseball lingo are a concomitant part and attractive feature of many of his best known sermons. A hearty welcome and an opportunity for a chat is always afforded those who come to discuss old times, or the changes in the game as it is played today.

A man whose experience would fill volumes and whose career is brilliant with many exceptional achievements in other lines, the magazines still turn to him for articles on baseball, and he has been for years quoted as an authority on many phases of the subject. Everywhere that Mr. Sunday goes in the furtherance of his evangelical campaigns, he meets with many who recall his White Sox days and not infrequently these form a nucleus of the subsequent crowds which rally to his support. As a unit these

men insist that Sunday was a great baseball player. Most pertinent to quote, however, is his brother-in-law, William J. Thompson, who as a boy traveled with the Chicago team, and who took more than a boy's interest in the courtship between Mr. Sunday and Miss Thompson, which was in progress at the time. Mr. Thompson in an interview thus outlined his brother-in-law's baseball career:

"He certainly was a punk hitter, but on the bases he was, by all odds, the fastest man in the big league. Did you know that Billy was the first man in this country to run a 100 yards in 10 seconds flat? I saw him do it. At the time it was considered a marvelous thing and Billy got national prominence as a result. Everybody on the team always worked to get Billy on the bases because they knew that if he once got to first he was almost certain to score.

"As a base-stealer Billy didn't have a rival. Just as Ty Cobb is the terror to present-day catchers, Billy was the terror in his day. I've seen him many a time start to slide into the bases when he would be 20 feet away, and nine times out of ten he'd make it. All the spectators would see would be a cloud of dust. Billy was such a twister that it was almost impossible for a baseman to get the ball on him.

"Billy played in the field and, believe me, he could cover a lot of ground, too. In those days Billy was the same good fellow that he is today, only he hadn't got religion. He was a favorite with everybody on the club, and especially with the fans. He was a great 'kidder,' too, and no matter what they hurled

at him from the stands, he came right back at 'em with a still hotter one."

Mr. Sunday's own version of his work and his success in it does not materially differ from that of Mr. Thompson:

"I never was an extra heavy batter," he says, "but I used to strike around 250 or 300 in the batting percentage. Where I excelled was in speed, and I always led the batting order, because I was a dangerous man to have on bases with heavy batters behind me."

Of Mr. Sunday's agility, there seems to be no shadow of a doubt. Recent sporting writers compare him to Ty Cobb and others in the limelight. He is given credit for establishing the mark of encircling the bases from a standing start in 14 seconds, an achievement calculated to try the wind and limb of the most perfect athlete. One baseball writer says:

"He probably caused more wide throws than any other player the game has ever known, because of his specialty of 'going down to first' like a streak of greased electricity. When he hit the ball, infielders yelled, 'Hurry it up!' The result was that they often threw 'em away. He was acknowledged champion sprinter of the National League. This led to a match race once with Arlie Latham, who held like honors in the American. Billy won by 15 feet — and with \$75,000 of Chicago money up on the race."

More than the contest with speed, however, in this particular instance, was a contest that went on

within the breast of the young baseball star, who at the time had been recently converted. At a luncheon tendered to him in one of the clubs at Columbus, Mr. Sunday gave his own version of the race with Arlie Latham:

“When I played ball I could outrun any man in the National League,” he said. “Arlie Latham could do the same in the American League, so we fixed it up to have a race one Sunday afternoon. But in the meantime I got converted. I went to Cap Anson and said: ‘Cap, I can’t do it. I’m converted and I can’t run that race on Sunday.’ Cap said to me, ‘Bill, don’t show the white feather. We’ve got \$12,000 bet on you and all the boys have bet their last cent on you. If you don’t win that race they’ll have to eat snowballs next winter. You go down to St. Louis and run that race and fix it up with God afterwards.’

“Well, I ran the race and I beat Latham by 15 feet and came home with my pockets full of money. I then went before the presbytery and told ‘em all and stuck to the church, and after eight years they ordained me as a minister. And then the other day Westminster gave me an honorary ‘D. D.’ Say, that’s going some for an old sport that’s never seen the inside of a college, isn’t it?”

Another speed contest which attracted national attention at the time was an unexpected “go” with H. U. Johnson, a man very well known in his day. As the South Bend *Tribune* tells it:

“In the spring of 1887, without any special training or previous experience in that

specific athletic line, without practice in quick-starting and without words of encouragement from friends to spur him on, Sunday came within an ace of lowering the colors of H. U. Johnson, who at that time was heralded as the fastest runner of the day.

"Sunday accepted a challenge, left the diamond for the day, donned a track suit, dug his spikes into the sands of the track at Chicago beach, on Lake Michigan, and raced Johnson, who was in the pink of condition, and who had just returned from capturing the Sheffield championship in England.

"'We started off like a shot,' said Sunday while in a reminiscent mood the other day. "'I was used to speedy work on the diamond but not on a straight track. I led Johnson for 80 yards, and then he began to crawl up on me. Everything blurred before me. The crowd seemed to swim before my eyes as I ran, but I could see the finish line getting nearer and nearer. The distance was 100 yards. Johnson and I neared the line neck-and-neck. He ran lower than I did and breasted the tape just six inches ahead of me and won.

"'The timers had six watches on us. Three caught us at 10 seconds flat and three at 9½ seconds. After the race Johnson turned, grasped my hand and told me that in two weeks' time he could train me so that I could beat him by five feet with but little training. I said 'nothing doing,' though, and went back to the diamond and played."

"'Billy' was always a quiet, fair, clean, ball player," says Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, who goes on to say:

"He left the decisions to the umpire. I never heard him dispute the official's decisions, whether he was called out as a base runner or on a play when he was in the field. And 'Billy' was in some pretty close plays.

"His speed used to take him down the base lines like a streak of lightning; if there were any fumbling of the ball, he would almost invariably be safe. It was often a question whether Sunday or the ball reached the base first. When I was playing first base for the Washington team, 'Billy' sometimes seemed to get a shade the worse of an umpire's judgment. But he did not grumble or dispute the decisions. He accepted the play as the umpire saw it, and the most that I ever heard him say was, 'I thought I had that one beat.'

"As a baserunner 'Billy' was a wonder. He always used good judgment. He was not after base-running honors, and did not try to steal a base on the first pitched ball. He always looked for his start, and his record for stolen bases was good.

"I always was afraid of 'Billy' Sunday when he was on the bases. He could steal on me, and they say he stole four bases on me in one game. I guess that is so, because he generally perched on second base after he once reached first.

"Sunday was not a long hitter. He hit sharp over the infield. He was an especially good bunter, and his speed enabled him to beat out the bunts to first base.

"When I look at his pictures now I can see the sprinter getting into action. Evidently he still has the vim that made him a great ball player.

"When 'Billy' was playing with the Chicago White Sox he had some wonderful

players for his team-mates. Dalrymple and Gore, the other outfielders, were both stars. Sunday was faster than either, and added much to his reputation by his daring in the field. 'Billy' took chances and he often was hurt.

"The teams did not carry as many men as they do now, and when a player was hurt he often had to play before he was really well. It took real grit, and Sunday had the grit. He was what I would call a star. He was a gentleman on the field, a hard, earnest player, and a man well liked by all who knew him."

It was during his career as a baseball player that Mr. Sunday was converted at the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, under the ministrations of Harry Monroe. Naturally this event made a decided change in his life, and while, by his own confession, he was somewhat given to excesses in his youth, it is interesting to know that in a general way his character and his habits were of a good order. He was esteemed by all who knew him. That their standards of life were not the standards of leaders in ethical thought is a criticism of present-day society, and not of the man. In this connection it is worth while to quote Mr. Frank C. Richter, editor of *Sporting Life*, probably the best known publication of its class in this country. Mr. Richter says:

"I never had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Sunday, and therefore cannot speak with the authority of intimate knowledge of his personality or character. But I never heard anything but good of him

from those who knew him or associated with him. He stood high with his teammates, and that is a splendid credential in my opinion, as no hypocrite could associate long with ball players without being unmasked and, per consequence, being treated with merited contempt, and perhaps let severely alone by a class never chary in expression of their views of men and things and endowed with little reverence, as a rule."

CHAPTER V

The Ball Player Is Converted

THE great transformations in the lives of men conspicuous in the affairs of the world are always a subject of exceptional interest. Each man looks at them in the light of his own philosophy of living. Few men have come to great prominence in the world without having some date or event set out that transcended with vividness from the rest of their lives. Particularly is this true of the great men in the world of religion.

Occasionally one will find a great divine who says of himself: "I do not remember when I was converted." No such lack of certainty concerns the life of Mr. Sunday. A definite Sunday night in the fall of 1887 stands out vividly in his recollections over all the other nights of his life. That event has been the subject of one of the greatest sermons the evangelist ever delivers. It has been heard in more than 200 cities, twice that number of newspapers have printed it, and yet it thrills each time with a sense of newness and truth that makes a profound impression on all who sit beneath its spell.

Mr. Sunday's mother was a Methodist. As a boy he had been schooled in the usages of that church. Students of cause and effect may like to ascribe the remarkable transformation in life which took place at the age of 24 as based upon this antecedent.

There is none who can deny them the right to that opinion, although it will not be the one generally accepted. "Mr. Sunday's mother was a Corey," writes a friend of the family, "and emotionalism was a prominent trait in their make-up." In this fact others will find a reason for what transpired on the memorable night in Van Buren street, Chicago, Illinois. But here again no sufficient reason is forthcoming to account exactly for what took place when it did. No one who examines the facts from without can hope to have the knowledge that comes from a survey within. No philosophical disputation could add any truth to the statement as the evangelist himself has outlined it, and certainly none could be put so forcefully.

Mr. Sunday stands today an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and emotionalism is not essentially a Presbyterian trait. True to the earliest influences of his home, he exemplifies the benefit of his mother's church, the foundation of which was laid in evangelism. At the time of his conversion, Mr. Sunday had been a baseball player of national reputation for four years; he was in receipt of a salary which at the time was considered very large. As life goes, for men of that class, success and whatever happiness that is supposed to bring with it was already his. Nothing that life in future years has brought him has ever caused him to deprecate his earlier calling and his associates. Without being blinded to their faults, he has always had for them the greatest charity.

The life of a baseball player is in no sense calculated to induce religious reflection. Its practices are not consistent with any particular church life. It

is not to be presumed, therefore, that the conversion of the baseball player — Billy Sunday — was predicated upon his previous religious activities other than that of his very early home days.

Yielding somewhat to the influences that beset him in his daily occupation as a ball player, Sunday's life had become what is probably best described by the word "wild" — not vicious or corrupt, but still a departure from the rigid training of his boyhood days. At that time there was active in mission work of Chicago a Colonel Clark and his wife. Mrs. Clark probably as much as any other one person, had to do with the change which came into Sunday's life, which he himself graphically describes.

Hundreds of thousands of persons have heard him tell the story, and dozens of men have attempted to write it, but none has achieved an approximation of success when he has departed in any way from a verbatim report. As Mr. Sunday tells the story:

"Thirty years ago I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball players who were famous in this world — some of them are dead now — and we went into a saloon. It was Sunday afternoon and we got tanked up, and then went and sat down on a corner. I never go by that place but I pray. It is Van Buren street, Chicago.

"As I said, we walked on down the street to the corner. It was a vacant lot at that time. We sat down on the curbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments — horns, flutes and slide trombones — and the others were singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in

Iowa, and back in the old church where I used to go to Sunday school.

"And God painted on the canvas of my memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces. Many have long since turned to dust. I sobbed and sobbed and a young man stepped out and said: 'We are going down to the Pacific Garden Mission; won't you come down to the mission? I am sure you will enjoy it. You can hear drunkards tell how they have been saved and girls tell how they have been saved from the red light district.'

"I arose and said to the boys: 'I'm through. We've come to the parting of the ways,' and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement; others never said a word.

"Thirty years ago I turned and left that little group on the corner of State and Madison streets, walked to the little mission, went on my knees and staggered out of sin and into the arms of the Savior.

"I went over to the West Side of Chicago where I was keeping company with a girl, now my wife, Nell. I married Nell. She was a Presbyterian, so I am a Presbyterian. Had she been a Catholic I would have been a Catholic — because I was hot on the trail of Nell.

"The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practice. Every morning at 10 o'clock we had to be out there and practice. I never slept that night. I was afraid of the horse-laugh that gang would give me because I had taken my stand for Jesus Christ.

"I walked down to the old ball grounds. I will never forget it. I slipped my key into the wicket gate, and the first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelly.

"Up came Mike Kelly. He said: 'Bill, I'm proud of you. Religion is not my long suit, but I'll help you all I can.' Up came Anson, Pfeffer, Clarkson, Flint, Jimmy McCormick, Burns, Williamson and Dalrymple. There wasn't a fellow in that gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me.

"That afternoon we played the old Detroit club. We were neck-and-neck for the championship. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett, and they could play ball.

"I was playing right-field and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. There are some pitchers today — O'Toole, Bender, Wood, Mathewson, Johnson, Marquard, but I do not believe any one of them stood in the class with Clarkson.

"We had two men out and they had a man on second and one on third, and Bennett, their old catcher, was at the bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. Charley couldn't hit a high ball — I don't mean a Scotch highball — but he could kill them when they went about his knee.

"I hollered to Clarkson and said: 'One more and we got 'em.'

"You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot in the hole and he went clear to the ground. Oh, he could make them dance. He could throw overhanded and the ball would go down and up like that. He is the only man on earth I have seen do that. That ball would go by so fast that a thermometer would drop two degrees. John went clear down, and as he

went to throw the ball his right foot slipped and the ball went low instead of high. I saw Charley swing hard and heard the bat hit the ball with a terrific blow. Bennett had smashed the ball on the nose. I saw the ball rise in the air and knew it was going clear over my head. I could judge within 10 feet of where the ball would light. I turned my back to the ball and ran.

"The field was crowded with people and I yelled: 'Stand back!' and that crowd opened like the Red Sea opened for the rod of Moses. I ran on, and as I ran I made a prayer; it wasn't theological, either, I tell you that. I said: 'God, if you ever helped mortal man, help me get that ball, and you haven't very much time to make up your mind, either.' I ran and jumped over the bench and stopped. I thought I was close enough to catch it. I looked back and saw it going over my head, and I jumped and shoved my left hand out and the ball hit it and stuck. At the rate I was going, the momentum carried me on and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. I jumped up with the ball in my hand. Up came Tom Johnson. He was afterwards mayor of Cleveland. 'Here is \$10, Bill; buy yourself the best hat in Chicago. That catch won me \$1500. Tomorrow go and buy yourself the best suit of clothes you can find in Chicago.'

"An old Methodist minister said to me a few years ago: 'Why, William, you didn't take the \$10, did you?' I said, 'You bet I did.'

"Listen! Mike Kelly was sold to Boston for \$10,000. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went around with a subscription paper, and the boys raised over

\$12,000 to buy Mike a house. They gave Mike a deed to the house and they had \$1,500 left and gave him a certificate of deposit for that. His salary for playing with Boston was \$4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$5,000 he received as salary and the \$1,500 they gave him and had a mortgage on the house. And when he died in Pennsylvania they went around with a subscription to get money enough to put him in the ground. Mike sat there on the corner with me 30 years ago when I said: 'Good-bye, boys, I'm through.'

"A. G. Spalding signed up a team to go around the world. I was the first man he asked to sign a contract and Capt. Anson was the second. I was sliding to second base one day. I always slid head first and I hit a stone and cut a ligament loose in my knee. I got a doctor and had my leg fixed up, and he said to me: 'William, if you don't go on that trip I will give you a good leg.' I obeyed and I have as good a leg today as I ever had. They offered to wait for me at Honolulu and Australia. Spalding said: 'Meet us in England and play with us through England, Scotland and Wales.' I did not go.

"Ed. Williamson, our old shortstop, was a fellow weighing 225 pounds, and a more active man you never saw. He went with them, and while they were on the ship crossing the English Channel a storm arose. The captain thought the ship would go down. Then he dropped on his knees and promised God to be true and God spoke and the waves were still. They came back to the United States and Ed. came back to Chicago and started a saloon on Dearborn street. I would go there giving tickets for the Y. M.

C. A. meetings and would talk with him, and he would cry like a baby. I would get down and pray for him. When he died they put him on the table and cut him open and took out his liver. It was so big it would not go in a candy bucket. Ed. Williamson sat there on the street corner with me 30 years ago when I said: 'Good-bye, boys, I'm through.'

"Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for 19 years, drew \$3,200 a year on an average. He caught before they had chest protectors and masks and gloves. He caught bare-handed. Every bone in the ball of his hand was broken. You never saw a hand like Frank had. Every bone in his face was broken and his nose and cheekbones, and the shoulder and ribs had all been broken.

"I've seen old Frank Flint sleeping on a table in-a stale beer joint and I've turned my pockets inside out and said: 'You're welcome to it, old pal.' He drank on and on, and one day in winter he staggered out of a stale beer joint and stood on a corner and was seized with a fit of coughing. The blood streamed out of his nose, his mouth and his eyes. Down the street came a woman. She took one look and said: 'My God, is it you, Frank?' and the old love came back.

"She called two policemen and a cab and started with him to her boarding house. They broke all speed regulations. She called five of the best physicians and they listened to the beating of his heart — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen — and the doctor said: 'He will be dead in about four hours.' She said: 'Frank, the end is near.' And he said: 'Send for Bill.'

"They telephoned me and I came. When I reached his bedside he said to me: 'There's

nothing in the life of years ago I care for now. I can hear the grandstand hiss when I strike out. I can hear the bleachers cheer when I make a hit that wins the game; but this is nothing that can help me out now, and if the Umpire calls me out now, won't you say a few words over me, Bill?"

"He struggled as he had years ago on the diamond when he tried to reach home — but the great Umpire of the Universe yelled: 'You're out.' And the great gladiator of the diamond was no more. Frank Flint sat on the street corner drunk with me 30 years ago in Chicago, when I said, 'I'll bid you good-bye, boys, I'm going to Jesus.' Say, men, did I win the game of life or did they?"

Of the sincerity and the persistence of the change of heart which took place at the Pacific Garden Mission at 100 Van Buren street, there has been no reason to question in the more than quarter century that has elapsed since then. The event marked the turning point in the man's career. Not immediately did he give up the only calling which at the time afforded him a means of livelihood; but at once he began to plan for that change which other subsequent years of sacrifice led ultimately to his present pre-eminence in the evangelical field.

The Pacific Garden Mission, famous for other notable conversions, among them that of Melvin E. Trotter, the greatest home mission worker in America, still stands, and the veteran Harry Monroe remained in charge until his death by accident in the summer of 1916. By reason of the many leaders in

evangelical work who had started life anew within its walls, the Pacific Garden Mission achieved a reputation as one of the historic places on the American continent.

CHAPTER VI

Christian Works and a Meager Income

THE acid test of sincerity to the newly professed religious conviction which he had made at the Pacific Garden Mission and which was extended in the shape of ordinary activity in a Presbyterian church, came to Billy Sunday with the acceptance of a position in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. work. Sunday was at the time in receipt of one of the highest salaries paid to baseball players in those days and this he voluntarily relinquished for a sum which could scarcely give sustenance to himself and his wife and which had the further disadvantage of being delayed as much as three and four months together at certain times of the year.

Even before that time Sunday had given definite evidence of the texture of his religious conviction by declining to play baseball on Sunday. Such a stand in those days was far from easy to take, and attracted widespread attention. That it was possible at all was largely due to his exceptional ability and prominence in the baseball world, which inclined the management to be more considerate toward him, as his services six days in the week were too valuable to be dispensed with even at the price of giving him his liberty on the seventh day.

This did not satisfy him however. Repeated visits to the mission persuaded him that there was

Christian work which he could do along somewhat similar lines. An early step was to petition for his release from the team with which he had a contract. At first it was impossible to bring about the desired result. In 1891, however the dissolution of the so-called "Brotherhood" threw a lot of baseball talent into the open market, and it was possible for the young convert to secure his release.

Now it must be borne in mind that a salary of \$1,000 a month was a possible salary for a top-notch baseball player of national acclaim. To these specifications Billy Sunday conformed in every detail. Yet despite this fact, and the further one that he had a wife to support, he relinquished all further connection with the baseball field to become an under-secretary at the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in March, 1891, at a maximum salary of \$83.33 per month. The evangelist has remarked very often that no one then accused him of being a grafter. According to his own statement, "I went hungry at noon and walked to and from work to save car fare."

Properly speaking, the Y. M. C. A. period of Mr. Sunday's life, which extended from 1901 to 1905 should be considered as a part of his education. It gave him a training, which has since proved invaluable, in meeting all manner of men on the broad plane of humanity. It gave him an opportunity at public speaking, at which, according to all reports, in the beginning he was awkward enough. More important than these it brought him in touch with the big men who were doing things in the religious world, and out of it ultimately grew his association with Dr. J.

Wilbur Chapman, even then a world-famous evangelist.

L. Wilbur Messer, general secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in discussing Mr. Sunday's connection with his institution said:

"Mr. Sunday had begun the Christian life, as a result, as I remember, of his contact with the Pacific Garden Mission and soon became identified with our association activities. Mr. Sunday rendered very valuable service in the specific religious work of the association. He was especially strong in his personal effort among men who were strongly tempted and among those who had fallen by the way. He was also effective in his evangelistic appeals even at that early period in his Christian life.

"We never had a man on our staff who was more consecrated, more deeply spiritual, more self-sacrificing or more resultful in his work in winning men to Christ.

"Mr. Sunday while with us was a bitter foe of any kind of vice and did some effective work in creating public sentiment concerning certain evils which beset young men. Mr. Sunday has since that time rendered most valuable service in many cities where he has conducted meetings by approving the association and by raising large funds for its support.

"I count my friendship with Mr. Sunday as one of the rare privileges of my life."

The change from active outdoor life to the comparative confinement of institute work at first interfered seriously with Mr. Sunday's health and he was obliged to take an extended vacation at Lake Geneva

for recuperation. More and more, however, he made his Y. M. C. A. work take him into the open, and this afforded him a better opportunity of meeting with the various classes of people whom it was his province to interest.

An incident of his work is probably typical of its general trend. In one of his sermons Mr. Sunday says:

“When I was assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, I had H. L. Hastings, who edited an anti-infidel paper, send me 3,500 copies of it. Bob Ingersoll was delivering three lectures in McVicker’s Theater, and I had these copies distributed to people on the sidewalk as they went in or out. The first night Ingersoll had a big audience. The next night it was smaller and on the third night it had dwindled almost to nothing.

“Every day at noon, while Ingersoll was lecturing, Hastings would go to old Farwell Hall and answer Ingersoll’s statements of the night before. One night Ingersoll painted one of those wonderful word pictures for which he was justly famous. He was a master of the use of words. Men and women would applaud and cheer and wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and the waves of sound would rise and fall like great waves of the sea. As two men were going home from the lecture one of them said to the other: ‘Bob certainly cleaned ’em up tonight.’ The other man said: ‘There’s one thing he didn’t clean up. He didn’t clean up the religion of my old mother.’

Another sermon expression throws a light on the manner in which he was groping toward that self-expression in which he came to excel:

"We, all of us, grow by expression. When I first started out to be a Christian I couldn't stand up in a prayer meeting and use three sentences consecutively, but I made it a rule to speak whenever I got a chance and so I overcame my natural diffidence. God blesses me because I am determined to do something for Him. I could have sat still and withered and mildewed like a lot of you. God wants to develop us according to nature."

The evangelist's own version of his introduction into Y. M. C. A. work is interesting. He had a contract to play with the Philadelphia baseball team at the same time that he was particularly desirous of taking up the new work. He had already received his orders to report for the trip South, which is the common practice of large baseball teams in the spring of the year. Not knowing what to do Mr. Sunday "laid it before the Lord as a business proposition," to quote his own words. He decided that if he got his release before March 25, he would go into the Y. M. C. A. work; if he did not get it he would play out the rest of his contract. The release came on March 17. But with it came another offer from Cincinnati which again threw him into doubt. He was offered a contract at \$500 per month, while his Y. M. C. A. position would give him only \$83. Consultation with friends and particularly with his wife persuaded him that the proper thing to do was to follow his conscience and to enter the field of work for which he had prayed so earnestly.

Thus began the struggle of four years of hard work on an indefinite income. A work with varying

aspects and experiences, broadening and deepening his nature, amplifying his outlook upon life and giving him acquaintance with the people and familiarity with the organization, was shortly to lead to his exceptional triumphs in the field of evangelism.

CHAPTER VII

Starting Work With Dr. Chapman

IT was in Chicago as under-secretary of the Y. M. C. A. that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman first met Mr. Sunday. The earnestness and sincerity of the young man and particularly his close sympathy with the masses made a strong impression upon the evangelist and led to the offer of a position to travel with him as an assistant. Those who, in later days, chose to contrast the methods of Dr. Chapman and Rev. Mr. Sunday often failed to take into account the difference in personal temperament and doctrine of the two men. Although they parted company after two years they have always maintained a friendship and shown an interest, each in the work of the other. There can be no doubt that the two years spent with Dr. Chapman were of great educational benefit to the aspiring evangelist. Dr. Chapman was not only a thorough Bible student but a magnetic speaker and a good organizer; he had developed at that time his peculiar capacity for doing a great deal of work in a short space of time, a capacity in which the student probably outstripped the master in later years but which at the time was a valuable training.

Mr. Sunday frequently refers to his period with Dr. Chapman in his addresses and always in the spirit of the greatest appreciation. Dr. Chapman then, as in later years, confined his efforts largely to cities of

considerable magnitude. One episode to which Mr. Sunday is fond of alluding has to do with a campaign in Indianapolis. On that occasion President Benjamin Harrison and his daughter were in the audience and it became possible for Mr. Sunday to extend in person an invitation to the president to occupy a seat upon the platform. The argument which the young evangelist used and which finally proved effectual was that the spectacle of a man so generally known and so generally revered, making a public confession of his adherence to religion and his faith in the doctrine of the church, would have a powerful influence upon those in the audience who had never taken such a stand. He regarded it as one of the proudest moments of his life when he was able to lead General Harrison to a seat upon the platform.

It was while serving with Dr. Chapman that Mr. Sunday got occasional opportunities to test his powers in pulpit oratory and in the handling of men. Dr. Chapman, in a letter to a friend, thus tells of what is supposed to be the first strictly evangelical work done by Mr. Sunday. Dr. Chapman says:

“One day in Urbana, Ohio, I had a request from someone out of town for a speaker, and I asked Mr. Sunday to accept the invitation. He seemed greatly frightened, said that he could not speak and that he was not the man for the place. Finally it was determined that he should tell the story of his conversion. Following that day’s services the most interesting reports were made to me of the impression which he had made upon his audience, and I then had the conviction that he ought to do more of this

sort of work, and I suggested to him that he ought to go to a number of places and stay for a week's meetings. When he told me that he did not have sermons I asked him to make use of anything that he had heard me say, and told him that I should feel highly honored at his doing so. It was thus that he started, so far as I can remember. His successful work from that day to this needs no descriptive word of mine for however much men may differ with him as regards method, all will agree if they know him at all that he is absolutely honest and sincere as well as being a truly great man. I consider Mr. Sunday very generous. I cannot think of any time that he has met me and had opportunity for conversation that he has not said to me — 'Do you need any money?' And that he has not told me that if I did need it he would gladly give it to me. Fortunately for me and possibly for him I have not found it necessary to accept his kind offers of monetary gifts, but he has never made the suggestion that I have not had a glimpse of his great and generous heart.

"It is a matter of small concern to me as to what methods Mr. Sunday may use. I am not at all disturbed that he should be working plans which are exactly the opposite of my own. Sam Jones never said a better thing than when he said, 'God never made two men alike without making one of them a fool.' I am filled with rejoicing that Mr. Sunday is just himself, honest, sincere, noble, devoted to Christ and filled with an intense longing to see others accept Him as their Savior, and I shall ever pray that God may long spare him for his work, and that his career of usefulness may be greater and greater as the days pass by.

“It has been my privilege to influence a number of men to enter the ministry, and my great joy to encourage not a few to take up evangelistic work, and insofar as I have been able to do so I have sought to encourage them in their efforts, and give to them unsparingly of my influence that their work might be owned and blessed of God, but of all with whom I have come in contact I must say that I am more grateful to God for Mr. Sunday and for his ministry than I can ever express in words. God bless him, and more and more mightily use him is my prayer.”

From the relatively heroic form of work assisting in the big Chapman revivals, Sunday made a sudden rapid transition to the smallest communities of the Middle West and to his own peculiar form of meetings. The change came about, according to Mr. Sunday, by the rather sudden determination on the part of Dr. Chapman to resume pastoral work. It was during the winter of 1895-96 that the Methodist church prevailed upon its former pastor to return to its pulpit and having acquiesced in this plan, Dr. Chapman was unable to give employment to Sunday.

According to Sunday, he did as he has done upon all occasions of great moment in his life, and laid the matter before the Lord. Shortly thereafter he received a call to come to a little town named Garner, in Iowa, and conducted a series of meetings. Garner, Iowa, therefore, has the distinction of being the scene of the first of the now numerous and famous Billy Sunday campaigns.

Places of 3,000 and 4,000 were the scenes of his very earliest independent endeavors, and through

sheer lack of material, according to his own account, he was driven from place to place at intervals of a week or ten days. "I had half a dozen sermons at that time," he says, "and when these had been used I had to go on to the next place." During this period of his career tents were frequently employed because no auditorium in these small places would accommodate the crowds which from the very first began to flock to his revivals.

It was a little later that Mr. Sunday became associated with M. B. Williams, an evangelist of considerable note in his day, and in that part of the country. Mr. Williams is given the credit for being the father of the tabernacle idea, an idea which Mr. Sunday has perfected and improved, and brought to a magnitude and degree of perfection of which its inventor never dreamed.

Elgin, Illinois, has the honor of building the first tabernacle. It seated 3,000 people and had a chorus of 300. It was dedicated in December, 1900. From this it will be seen that at the outset Mr. Sunday preserved the ratio of 1 to 10 between choir and auditorium. In the days when 15,000 and 18,000 capacity auditoriums became actualities the choir had grown to 1,500 and 1,800 members. The tabernacle idea originated in the early nineties and has been very generally adopted by evangelists, particularly those operating in smaller communities or in sparsely settled districts.

It remained for Mr. Sunday, however, to demonstrate its utility under varying conditions such as were presented by Columbus, Toledo, Kansas City and Pittsburgh, and which reached proportions almost

unbelievable in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, where crowds in excess of 20,000 are reported to have been accommodated at many meetings.

The architecture of the tabernacle, like its size, has been a development. The prime requisite in every instance is the best possible accommodation of a single voice. To this end, lofty ceilings are abandoned and low straight roofs are used. The platform or speaking pulpit is pushed as far as possible toward the center of the auditorium. Necessity as much as anything else gave rise to the famous "sawdust trail." Where thousands of people are gathered together even an occasional shuffling of feet is a serious disturbance. No sort of floor is noiseless, certainly none that is possible in a temporary structure — therefore the sawdust covering. This is absolutely soundless and by giving it a base of tamped tanbark it is also impervious to fire. In many cities where the danger of fire has been urged against it, the mere expedient of throwing a shovelful of blazing coals upon the sawdust floor and watching them die out has convinced the authorities that their fears were vain. So thoroughly persuaded is Mr. Sunday of the utility of the tabernacle that he has refused to use large auditoriums in the rare instances where he has found cities supplied with buildings large enough to accommodate his crowds. There are other and psychological aspects of the tabernacle idea, such as its democracy, accessibility and uniqueness, which need not be considered at this time.

For many years the remarkable voice of Mr. Sunday was capable of penetrating the uttermost recesses of the tabernacle built to house his meetings.



DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Beginning with Pittsburgh, however, and continuing through, sounding boards have been built above the speaker's head. These are adroitly constructed according to the most approved scientific principle and conserve and extend the speaker's voice to such an extent that he is heard without difficulty by audiences of a size never before held under the spell of a single human voice.

For two or three years Mr. Sunday struggled on with only the assistance of his wife and such help as came from the coöperating ministers of the community in which he was laboring. Another of the fundamental facts of a Sunday campaign, that of absolute coöperation and unity among the inviting churches, was also insisted upon from the first.

In spite of all the obstacles and difficulties the work grew, so did the pile of sermons, and some of them amplified, modernized and intensified are doing duty today.

An interesting if unverified account is given of the origin of the phrase "hitting the trail." According to the *Steubenville Gazette* the phrase originated during Mr. Sunday's first campaign on the Puget Sound. The tabernacle there was built according to the present well known plans and the use of sawdust and shavings made a particular appeal to the lumbermen who predominate in that region. Trails are cut through the western mountains and in the more sparsely settled districts, furnish the only means of communication from one settlement to another.

The *Steubenville Gazette* says: "The woodsmen sometimes wander far away from camp and are lost

in the primeval forest. In their wanderings if they can hit the trail they are saved as it leads to the safety and shelter of the camp. So on the pathway of life if you can 'hit the trail' of God's mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ you are led to safety. So these rude lumbermen in their camp language giving up self to God and going down the sawdust aisle of the tabernacle were 'Hitting the Trail.' The phrase stuck to the Sunday party ever since and it has a thrilling touch of the wildwood and a meaning that is very appropriate and beautiful when taken in the language of the backwoods."

Mr. Sunday does not sing and cannot sing, and one of the very first things that he recognized was the need of a musical assistant. The first man to occupy this position officially was Fred G. Fischer. Mr. Fischer began his work with Mr. Sunday, January 4, 1900, at Bedford; Iowa, and continued it until July 15, 1910, at Everett, Washington, when Homer Rodeheaver became the choir leader. In commenting upon his association with Mr. Sunday, Mr. Fischer says:

"My work had to do with the musical end, as soloist and chorus conductor for five years, after which, because of larger and longer meetings, a soloist was added to the party. I then gave my attention to the chorus and song services doing some solo and duet work.

"Mr. Sunday and I made up the party in the early years of the work. Length of our stay in a community was two and one-half to three weeks. Gradually the work grew, the party was enlarged and longer time was spent in a place."

Beginning with the cooperation which Mr. Rodeheaver was able to afford the evangelist, music took on an ever-increasing proportion of importance in the scheme of a Sunday campaign. With the passage of years in joint service, the choir leader has been able to take a large measure of the burden from the shoulders of the evangelist. The phenomenal success of the Sunday campaigns in turn has brought to the choir leader more than a national reputation, so that he is in demand not only as a concert performer and Chautauqua attraction during the very limited season that he is not engaged with the evangelist, but his records made for talking machines are also among the most popular in the market. Mr. Rodeheaver is author of a great many of the hymns commonly employed in the Sunday campaigns.

It was in this earlier period of his work that Mr. Sunday attracted the attention of some few magazine writers. In the *American Magazine* for September, 1907, Lindsay Denison gives this impression of one of the earlier meetings:

“To one who has attended a Billy Sunday revival the story of the methods by which he achieves these results seems almost incredible. But by his words you must know him. Some of his sermons and prayers, in cold type, are of a sort to make all New England shiver with horror and cause the ungodly to giggle. But they make converts, the converts become church members — and the army of salvation is magnified by thousands of permanent recruits. Finicky critics must consider carefully before they deplore the Rev. William A. Sunday. It has been our habit for centuries to discuss religion and

the affairs of the soul in a King James's vocabulary, to depart from that custom has come to seem something like sacrilege. Billy Sunday talks to people about God and their souls just as people talk to one another six days in the week, across the counter or the dinner table or on the street."

No ambition for the acclaim that comes from the masses seem to have had any weight with Mr. Sunday in the choice of his fields of labor. That he was almost fifty before he became nationally famous as an evangelist is due more to the size of the communities in which he worked than to any other one thing. Naturally diffident despite a seeming assurance when in the pulpit, he long hesitated to accept the calls that came from the big cities which are the eyes of the world. This disinclination on his part was intensified because it was shared by Mrs. Sunday and it was only by degrees that the remarkable organization which Mr. Sunday has perfected demonstrated its adaptability to the more complex conditions which obtain in the congested centers of population.

This work has gone on and on until the evangelist now has been heard in all of the very largest cities of the United States. Chicago and New York, with their present population, present complexities which in the history of the world no evangelist has overcome altogether. Such has been the uniform measure of successful attainment following his efforts in cities next to importance and size to these, that his achievement of a new world pinnacle is confidentially assumed by all who have had opportunity to observe his work most closely.

CHAPTER VIII

How Sunday Campaigns Are Built Up.

WHEN the Sunday campaigns were confined to the smaller cities and their activities observed chiefly by church enthusiasts, it was the habit to describe their uniform success as matters of more or less mystery. That day has passed.

While the wonder attending upon his continued triumphs is no less than what it used to be — indeed grows with the passing of years — trained students of methods both of psychology and practical operation have observed and passed upon his campaigns and find in them a true marvel of extraordinary dimensions.

This is all the more remarkable because Mr. Sunday professes small knowledge of and less use for the science of psychology. Nevertheless, in the judgment of authorities in that line, he possesses by intuition, knowledge and experience that comes to few even with the most persistent application and which has been seldom, if ever, surpassed either in the history of religious activities or any other field where success is predicated upon a deep arousing of the emotional faculties in the masses.

In the earlier day it was the habit of observers and writers to come to the scene of Mr. Sunday's activities and to describe them as they appeared to superficial observation. It has only been since a care-

ful study of preliminary conditions and preparatory activities has been made that the marvelous system has been appreciated at its full worth. Admiration and wonder has grown because of the increasing adaptability which it has shown in the light of ever increasing demands made upon it as the evangelist has progressed from larger city to larger city, until he has not hesitated to accept the challenging of the world's metropolis and to attempt the movement of New York City itself—a feat which has all but undone all of the greatest evangelists of the past two generations.

For this work Mr. Sunday takes no credit to himself. Uniformly he gives to Almighty God the honor of whatever success has attended his labors. He does not believe, however, in leaving anything to chance, nor in imposing on Divine Goodness by anything which even remotely resembles shirking. As a result he and his associates work with prodigious vigor and energy through every minute of the campaign.

No amount of energy, nothing short of a miracle comparable to those of the Old Testament, would make possible the uniform success in the operation of a Sunday revival, if intelligent work properly correlated did not begin long before the arrival of the principal figure in the campaign.

It is in the preliminary campaign and in the masterly handling of details that Mr. Sunday demonstrates his superiority over all other workers in his field. For years the demands upon Mr. Sunday's time have been such that if he accepted all invitations he

would be booked at least ten years in advance. Obviously this gives him an opportunity to pick and choose.

Here, then, is the first note of the gamut which must be sounded in order to realize the full harmony of the results obtained. The mere invitation to come to a city has no great weight with the evangelist. The city not only must want him, but must want him with a consummate fervor. A fine instinct resident in the evangelist, and largely enjoyed by his wife, enables him to sense to a nicety the real anxiety of any community to entertain him.

Committees of representatives from other cities calling upon the evangelist during a campaign see the wonderful enthusiasm manifested and note the exceptional results which are secured. As a consequence they are not slow to make almost any promise which is exacted of them. They cannot fail to know that only a small proportion of invitations can be accepted and as a result they press forward with a renewed eagerness which is one of the first factors in placing them en rapport with the work of the evangelist. Through this perfectly natural process the inviting committee becomes the nucleus of the necessary local organization wherever Mr. Sunday decides to conduct a campaign.

The second step comes in the unification of the efforts of the evangelical churches in the city to be visited. Ordinarily this means an abandoning of all conflicting services. The larger the city the more this demand meets with resistance. Resistance in no wise affects the evangelist and in smaller cities and in his earlier years compliance with this hard and fast request was an indispensable prerequisite to a campaign.

When the Sunday operations reached cities so large that the most heroic tabernacles which could be constructed could not contain but a small proportion of the membership of the co-operating churches, this condition was abated within degrees. In cities like Philadelphia and Boston, it was prescribed that a certain population of the churches should be closed every Sunday. However, in cities of 250,000 or less, the evangelist has been insistent upon the absolute discontinuance of exercises in the several churches participating in his campaign. Ordinarily this means all the evangelical churches of the city.

This unification of forces, in itself extraordinary among churches of the United States, constitutes the second great force set in motion in the line of intensifying and concentrating public interest upon the Sunday campaign.

Next comes the campaign for incidental expenses. It is one of the Sunday doctrines that religion in all its phases should be self-supporting, and he will start upon no revival service the full expenses of which have not been guaranteed in advance. A peculiar aspect of this rule is, that never in his career has the guarantee been invoked — always during the progress of the meeting Mr. Sunday raises by collections more money than is needed to cover the entire cost of the series.

The preliminary underwriting of a guarantee fund, however, furnishes the third force which draws people together, arouses their activity and compels their coöperation. "Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also," and the men who have signed their names to a guarantee aggregating from \$10,000 to

\$50,000 are very apt to work to make a success of the meetings for which their money is pledged, even though there is a moral certainty that they never will have to pay a cent of what they guarantee.

It should be made clear that this guarantee fund concerns only the actual operating expenses of a campaign, with a reasonable margin for shrinkage. It has no relation whatever to any fee which may be given Mr. Sunday as a free will offering at the close of the campaign. These sums have continually grown with the increasing cost of campaigns due to their longer duration and the larger size of the community visited, until now the sum of \$100,000 is not an unreasonable request to be made of a city of the first magnitude when it has asked Mr. Sunday to conduct a campaign within its limits.

The pledges so made are not actually paid. They are merely promissory notes and as such constitute bankable security upon which the executive committee can borrow money and meet the expenses incident to the erection of a tabernacle, furnishing and lighting it, doing the printing and hiring the many incidental laborers who are necessary cogs in the full functioning of a big campaign.

At this point, or even before, the element of extensive publicity enters into the campaign. Newspapers in any community, whether large or small, must necessarily pay attention to an enterprise which the business men of the town or city are backing to the extent of thousands and thousands of dollars. The element of publicity continues with increasing vigor to the very end of all campaigns, and one of the remarkable features in connection with it is the fact

that this publicity is never sought by any direct or overt act — it comes naturally, almost spontaneously, and is easily the fourth factor toward preparing the field for the advent of the evangelist.

For many years Mr. Sunday operated without anyone who might in any sense be called his press representative. Never has he actually sought the coöperation of the newspapers in the cities he has visited, although he has always maintained the most cordial attitude of friendship toward the local press. With the extending of a number of co-laborers in his efforts, with the increased number of newspapers to be considered in cities of the first magnitude, the task has grown beyond the control of anyone burdened with other duties and in recent years a press representative has been one of the accredited members of the Sunday retinue.

Unity of thought and purpose and the widest possible range of collateral support are necessary to success of any campaign. To bring these about, what may be termed the fifth element of interest, is the series of cottage and district prayer meetings which begin a number of weeks prior to the opening of the campaign.

For securing results in this line the community is divided according to wards and districts, and an organization somewhat akin to political machinery is perfected and set in motion. District and sub-districts have their captains or leaders, and these in turn report to larger divisions. At the headquarters, which have been established prior to this time, there is an exact knowledge of what activity is going forward in every part of the city. Wherever there is a

lagging or failure to show zeal trained specialists are sent to awaken a sense of responsibility and concern.

To continue serially, what may be set as the sixth force in riveting public attention and in enhancing the interest already created, both among the public generally and more particularly the newspapers, is the building of the tabernacle. For many years Mr. Sunday's party has had as one of its members a practical builder and architect. This man reaches the city from four to five weeks before the opening of the meetings. The site of a tabernacle having been chosen in advance, with the approval of Mr. Sunday, who always insists upon a convenient, accessible, down-town location, the builder calls for voluntary workmen. A special effort is made to enlist the services of prominent church workers, and the spectacle of such men donning overalls and acting as carpenters is one which never fails to excite curiosity and arouse interest. Prominent preachers, well-known doctors, lawyers with state-wide reputation, working shoulder to shoulder with clerks, mechanics and school teachers, is a scene that is sure to arouse interest and receive generous newspaper attention. Committees of women from the coöperating churches are solicited to take charge of decorating the interior as soon as the structure has been roofed.

Coincidental with the series of cottage prayer meetings, another force is set in operation for actual work at the meetings and for the further perfecting of the organization. This, the seventh factor, is the choir, which, with the steady growth of the size of the campaigns, has grown to be a more and more wonderful organization, and to constitute in itself an

achievement worthy of the highest admiration not alone in religious circles, but in the musical field, where a lack of choral singing has been considered one of the defects of the American people.

As previously noted there is an approximation in the relation of choir and audience of one to ten. Musical people are known for their enthusiasm and energy. Singing is remarkable for the impress which it makes on large crowds. The preliminary training which this choir receives gives the evangelist the kind of a field force which develops in effectiveness as the campaign proceeds.

Then comes the dedication. The practice has been to secure some noted divine from a city where Mr. Sunday previously has conducted a campaign and to have him preach the dedicatory sermon. Local ministers prominent in the campaign have other places on the program.

About this time advance members of the official party begin to arrive. These are distinguished from the actual advance workers who never participate in the regular campaign. Ostensibly these persons come to direct the existing forces into channels of maximum usefulness. It is not usual for these advance members to be unduly complimentary or conciliatory to the local committees. This, seemingly at variance with church practices, which counsel harmony, brings about a very necessary psychological operation, that of contrast and renewed effort.

Often it happens that the two or three days next preceding the arrival of the evangelist are among the most uncomfortable of the entire campaign from inception to culmination, for the local persons respon-

sible for its success. Still, the net result is uniformly beneficial to the campaign. While these persons may feel with all sincerity that their earnestness and honest intentions have failed to realize what was expected of them, still in the aggregate the result is to place the entire local organization on its mettle and to key up expectancy to the last pitch immediately preceding the arrival of Mr. Sunday. Thus is the entire mass made sensitive and predisposed to accept the suggestions which it is the prime function of the evangelist to give to it.

So much for the major preparations and the chief forces which combine in making fertile the field and ready the workers before the actual meetings begin. They are only a portion, however, of the many details which make for the ultimate success of the endeavor. An organization for ushers that operates like clock work and is equal to any general emergency, is one of the lesser portions of the machinery; a completely equipped emergency hospital in some corner of the tabernacle, and out of sight from the audience, is another; trained nurses and hospital helpers are always on hand, as are one or more regular physicians. Even the taking of the collection is made spectacular by the use of tin pans which are rapidly passed to the melodious jingle of silver and copper coins. Outside the tabernacle, but near at hand, there is a nursery where mothers may leave their children in the care of professional nurses, and be sure they will be returned to them in first-class condition when the services are over. On the platform there are always provided from a half dozen to a dozen and a half desks for newspaper men. Telephones are installed in the

tabernacle for the convenience of the evangelist's party and for the press representatives.

Since campaigns have come to be conducted in cities so large that it is with difficulty anyone can go to and from home between the services, restaurants under direct control of the committee have been installed at the tabernacle site. A post office is also an adjunct of the more recent campaigns.

Thus a perfectly oiled piece of machinery awaits the touch of the evangelist when he steps into the pulpit for the first time and faces an audience composed usually of the regular church members of the congregations which have united in extending the call to him.

They are not in for a complacent praise of their virtues, nor for a congratulatory address on their preliminary work. Instead, the sins of omission and commission of those whose names are regularly on the church roster receive a scathing arraignment. Three times in one day this will happen, and before twenty-four hours have passed the town is ringing with wonder at the new order of things. No amount of preliminary announcement ever has been able to prepare a community for what is coming to it. Those hearing him for the first time never know what to expect.

So much for the start. For the rest, the indomitable zeal, the phenomenal vigor, the exceptional plainness of speech of the evangelist must be credited with the major portion of the success that follows.

Ordinarily Mr. Sunday preaches from ten days to two weeks before any invitation is issued to those who may be under conviction of sin. In the meantime by great activity he has familiarized himself through per-

sonal contact with all the leading forces and factors in the city life. He calls on city, county and state officials; he visits prisons and penitentiaries, almshouses and hospitals; either in person or through his assistants; noonday meetings are held in factories, in workshops, in churches and in private homes. The inner circle of the so-called "four hundred" is penetrated. The outer bounds of the most degenerate classes are made to feel the force that is at work; from center to circumference the community is stirred. Such is the prodigious energy that gets in motion, that thousands who would follow it are prone to let most of their work-a-day activities go by default. In church and in barroom, on the streets and in the offices, at clubs and in factories, among leaders and among those who follow, without distinction of race, color, or creed, the revival campaign becomes within a very few days the one general and accepted topic of conversation. Politics pass unheeded and business becomes a secondary consideration.

Each time Mr. Sunday has approached a city larger than the scene of his previous operation, the prediction has been made freely that here he would be unable to make the preponderating impressions that had been his previous rule. Invariably these predictions have failed of fulfillment.

The genius of the man always has been equal to the demands of the occasion. The machine has been amplified and its new members coordinated with the existing branches, so that continued and harmonious effort has resulted. Mr. Sunday always has had the faculty of putting his fingers upon leaders who can do exactly that branch of work required of them

and still fit into his scheme of success which is predicated upon concentrated interest in the principal series of meetings. Thus he gathers together a variety of forces which uniformly combine for complete success in the ultimate operation.

Much has been said in public prints of the voluntary offerings made to Mr. Sunday at the close of each campaign. These are exactly what the term implies. While in some instances his friends may interest themselves in securing promises to this fund, the evangelist himself at no time takes any part in it, nor will he receive or permit to be received for him any money or moneys until the last day of the campaign. At that time through the local leaders an appeal is made in his behalf. What enthusiastic appreciation coupled with a competitive spirit will do in these instances has been truly remarkable. Yet the same amount of energy and the same system employed in commercial fields would have resulted in equal or greater gains.

After he had effectually established himself as an evangelist offers of \$500 and even more per day were received from various Chautauquas and Lyceum bureau managers. Invariably these have been declined and where Mr. Sunday has gone outside his prescribed routes for a day or so, it has been with no cost beyond the expenses incurred in making the trip.

The size of Mr. Sunday's party of assistants varies with the size of the community and the length of the stay. The usual practice has been to exact of the local organizations one-half the sum paid to these assistants; the remainder of their fee Mr. Sun-

day himself pays out of the voluntary offering given him on the last day of each campaign.

In the campaign at Boston, which embraced features that at the time were experimental, the one-half of the salaries paid to the assistants during a period of ten weeks amounted to \$6,000. Adding



another \$6,000 to this, which Mr. Sunday would pay out of his own pocket, it can be seen that the salary list in late years has been a large one.

The expenses incident to a six or seven weeks' campaign, including all the ramifications of entertainment, special meetings, cost of helpers, construction of tabernacle, etc., even in a city of 150,000 to 200,000,

is very large. The multiplicity of details is hardly to be believed by one not having actual experience. The following official recapitulation of the auditing committee of the campaign at Columbus, Ohio, made while it was in progress may be taken as typical:

		<i>Add'l</i>	
	<i>Accts. Paid</i>	<i>Expenses</i>	<i>Refunds</i>
TABERNACLE			
Lumber	\$5,678.40
Labor	1,219.00
Metal Siding	287.74
Ladders	28.02	\$14.00
Roofing and Paper.....	451.00
Hardware	152.56
Shavings	123.75	\$22.50
Gas Lights	65.00
Electric Wiring	628.89	50.00
Chairs	962.50	600.00
Benches	24.00	20.00
Signs	11.50
Furnaces	348.26
Decorations	67.05	60.29
Fire Extinguishers	157.50	75.00
Carpet	10.00	10.00
	\$10,214.87		

LOT

Taking down and replacing billboards	\$113.06	\$200.00
Clearing lot	160.00
Rent for extra ground.....	7.50
Restoring Airdome	5.00	95.00
	\$125.56		

OTHER EXPENSES	<i>Add'l</i>		<i>Refunds</i>
	<i>Accts. Paid</i>	<i>Expenses</i>	
Printing	\$399.79	\$35.00
Postage	128.89	25.00
Office Expenses	17.68	15.00
Office Salaries	96.75	100.00
Interest	33.73
Entertainment	336.27	424.00
Bonds	20.00
Insurance	162.85	40.00
Dedication	50.00
Coal	97.79	350.00
Gas and Electricity.....	79.50	575.00
Local Transportation	3.50	395.00
Salaries of Workers.....	1,794.77	1,425.00
Fred's Room	66.75	10.00
Rent of Memorial Hall.....	100.00
Nursery	90.00
Electrician	36.75
Watchman	152.00	87.50
Badges	25.10
Telephones	29.05	6.00
Rent for Southern Theater meeting	46.50
Reception at Y. M. C. A. by Sunday	11.25
Team expenses—Gill, Peacock, Spiece	64.30
Advertising	5.21	5.00
Wesley Chapel meetings.....	40.00
Incidental Expenses	11.25	25.00
Extra Expenses Sunday Party, Long Distance Telephone and Telegraph	100.00
	<u>\$3,632.93</u>	<u>\$4,422.04</u>	<u>\$769.00</u>

Grand Total Acc'ts paid..\$13,973.36

RECAPITULATION

RECEIPTS

Sunday Collections	\$13,849.35
Church Carpenters	229.10
Southern Theater Meeting.....	37.70
Dedication	69.13
	<hr/>
Total Receipts to date.....	\$14,248.28
Total Paid Out to date.....	13,973.36
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$13,973.36
Bills paid to date.....	274.92
Future Expenses—Estimated	4,422.04
	<hr/>
Total Budget	\$18,395.40
	<hr/>
Future Expenses—Estimated	\$4,422.04
Cash on hand.....	274.92
	<hr/>
Amount to Raise.....	\$4,147.12

In explanation of this recapitulation which was prepared several weeks before the campaign closed, it is only fair to say that the entire \$4,147.12 was raised, that all collections ceased more than a week before the close of the campaign, that several thousand dollars additional were raised for charity and that after the tabernacle had been sold and other salvage incident to the campaign turned into money, there was more than \$3,500 to be divided among the 60 co-operating churches.

Thus Columbus had a seven weeks revival not only without expense to the guarantors who had subscribed to the company, but with a net profit to every church that participated. It was in addition to this total budget of more than \$18,000 that the citizens of

Ohio's capital contributed \$21,000 as a free will offering to the evangelist himself. This sum was secured in three collections — one each at the morning service, the afternoon service, and the evening service. With some variation as to detail the practice and the results in other cities have been the same. The statement here given is typical and shows the many details which have to be provided in assuring the complete success of any campaign, yet in every instance in more than 25 years the public has met these expenses and has given a generous offering to the evangelist at the conclusion of the revival, an indication of appreciation for what he has done.

The experiences at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Kansas City, Boston and Detroit, have simply repeated in larger terms the analysis contained in the foregoing exposition. Certain ratios of expense have increased with the size of the city visited because a lesser proportion of volunteer work is available and because a more comprehensive and more closely knit organization is absolutely essential to the same measure of success.

The testimony of appreciation of these larger cities as expressed by their free will offering has been such as to give the evangelist an estimated earning power of \$200,000 per year. At the same time the number of professed conversions has kept even step with all other developments of his campaign. While it may be that in one city he has been less successful with the cultured society than another, and in one may have failed to interest as large a proportion of Catholics as in another, and in a third may have had a variable amount of interest among the so-called

social set, in the aggregate the result has been the same everywhere.

Nowhere has he failed to reach the common people; nowhere has he failed to interest the leading citizens of the community. While it may not be said that the evangelist has passed the point where there is no difference of opinion regarding the merits of his work, it can be safely asserted that it is no longer possible anywhere to scoff at it. The largest cities of the United States have made obeisance to it and the capitals of Europe have bid in vain for an opportunity to examine it.

CHAPTER IX

Some Who Shared the Burdens

PREEMINENT among the qualities of the world leaders always has been the faculty of selecting the right sort of associates and subordinates. With the increasing complexity of modern society and the magnitude in which all undertakings are now cast, this faculty is one of increasing importance. As it has been ascribed in a preeminent degree to Washington, Lincoln, Napoleon, Gladstone, and others, it is no less essential to men of big affairs either in the realm of business, education or religion.

Apparently the day of one man power has passed. In this respect, as in many others, Rev. W. A. Sunday is entitled to comparison with the most important men in the world's history of his day. The tremendous celerity with which his campaigns move is in harmony with the general spirit of rush which characterize the American people.

It is important, therefore, that the many details and minor arrangements, which necessarily are left to others, be arranged in complete harmony with the general scheme and carried out with the exactitude of a railroad time table. In this Mr. Sunday and his party are particularly successful. Whenever the control of events is in his own hands the evangelist is never late. All his meetings start on time and close on time. At the myriad engagements which are part of every cam-

paign, he is punctuality itself. He exacts the same respect for time of all those who assist him in his work.

Beginning in 1898 with no other assistants than his wife and the local ministers, the organization grew in less than 15 years to comprise parties from 10 to 15.

Today the organization frequently numbers as high as 25 persons. The number and personnel varies from time to time to meet the local conditions. For the larger cities Mr. Sunday always has arranged to have some one familiar with work among the young folks, for work among shop and factory people, and at prison and other penal institutions wherever they are found. Two or more soloists and a choir leader in addition to a pianist and private secretary are necessary adjuncts for the success of the work. A builder who goes in advance and prepares the tabernacle, a keeper of that tabernacle and in late years a general manager of the work, a sort of right-hand assistant to the evangelist, have become definite portions of the organization.

In addition to all of these, in recent years there has come to be a business manager, a position held by George Sunday, son of the evangelist. Many well known evangelistic and missionary workers have been identified with the Sunday party from time to time.

Their church affiliation has played no part in their selection. Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and other of the evangelical churches have been represented.

One of the very earliest of his assistants was Fred G. Fischer. "I began my work with Mr. Sunday

January 4, 1900," says Mr. Fischer, "ending it July 15, 1910, making a continuous service of ten and one-half years. My work had to do with the musical end, as soloist and musical conductor for five years, after which, because of the larger and longer meetings, a soloist was added to the party. I then gave my attention to the chorus and song services, doing some solo and duet work. Mr. Sunday and I made up the party in the earlier years of the work. The length of our stay in a community was from two and one-half to three weeks. Gradually the work grew, the party was enlarged and longer time was spent in a place." Serious impairment of his health required Mr. Fischer to give over his work with the evangelist after more than 10 years with him, and he was succeeded as musical director by Homer A. Rodeheaver. After a prolonged rest Mr. Fischer sufficiently recovered his health to renew his evangelistic efforts and in company with J. R. Hanley they have conducted meetings both in the East and Middle West, attended with considerable success.

Another helper whose reputation is coextensive with the religious field of the United States, is Rev. Elijah J. Brown, one time editor of *The Ram's Horn*. Mr. Brown was associated with Mr. Sunday beginning with a campaign in Austin, Minnesota, in February, 1906, and concluding with the Galesburg, Illinois, campaign in November, 1907. Bad health on the part of Mr. Brown was the cause of separation in this case also. From time to time the editor was called in to assist briefly in subsequent campaigns. He occupied the position of confidential assistant and was

for many years one of the most intimate of the several members of the party with the evangelist himself.

In 1913 Rev. Mr. Brown became one of several persons who have completed a more or less authoritative book on the work of the evangelist.

One of the most distinguished and well known men who have contributed to the success of the Sunday campaign is Melvin E. Trotter of the famous City Rescue Mission at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. Trotter is another of those who were converted under the administration of Harry Monroe at the Pacific Garden Mission. Mr. Trotter did not travel with Mr. Sunday but would come on just at the close of the series and assist with the last meetings. "I never was officially connected with the Billy Sunday party" he says, "although I used to go and take his last Monday night service in nearly every meeting he had. In that way I kept in constant touch with the work in almost every city he was in. It is certainly wonderful the way he moves cities for God. I know of nothing like it in the world, and never read of any.

"I have been in many cities after he has left them, and found that after a year, two years and even three years, the interest is as keen as could be. Some other cities the interest is not so keen, but I can almost always find a reason for that locally.

"The town or city that can land Billy Sunday is certainly fortunate. It means crowded churches; much work for souls; finances plenty, and an all-round healthy, spiritual growth.

G. Walter Barr, well known through the Middle West as a writer of fiction and short stories, traveled with the Sunday party for a considerable time

in the earlier campaigns in Iowa and Illinois. His descriptions of the meetings and his analysis of the character of the man although made in the opening years of the present century continue to circulate freely in the press of the country.

Homer A. Rodeheaver is an Ohio product, born in Hocking county and educated in the Methodist school, Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware. Originally destined for a musical and dramatic career, he early abandoned all thought of this to take up music along religious lines. In addition to his choir work and solo work with the Sunday campaigns Mr. Rodeheaver is the head of a music publishing house in Chicago and in constant demand by Chautauqua and camp meeting assemblages. His musical compositions are in demand from coast to coast and he is one of the half dozen great religious song writers of the country.

Mr. Rodeheaver has grown with each campaign to have a greater significance in the work. His intimate association with Mr. Sunday through a period of years has given him a knowledge of that man's character and methods unequalled by any except the members of his own family. Young and vigorous he has been able to take from the shoulders of the evangelist many of the cares which have multiplied in number and variety with the increasing magnitude of the campaigns.

B. D. Ackley, a composer of Philadelphia, enjoys the distinction of being the last single individual to handle the music of the Sunday campaigns. When he discontinued his work as pianist it became necessary to employ two men and to use two pianos. This

has been the practice ever since the Philadelphia campaign.

Another unique character who for many years was a part of the Sunday party, was Fred G. Siebert, known as the "cowboy evangelist." His official designation was keeper of the tabernacle, but as a personal worker of untiring energy he probably contributed as much as any one person to the success of the personal work in the campaigns where he participated. Although of German-Jewish extraction he had the appearance and manners of a Mexican and was often taken for a member of that race. He joined the Sunday party in 1905 and continued with it for 10 years.

He was a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute, the author of several pamphlets on religious work. Siebert had a peculiar aptitude for quotations and had the reputation of being able to quote at will 1,400 different verses from the Bible.

In 1906 Miss Frances Miller, a newspaper woman of St. Louis, joined the Sunday party. Her specialty has been work among business women and the organizing of Bible classes, in which she has been pre-eminently successful.

Miss Grace Saxe joined the Sunday forces in 1911. Miss Saxe has had a variety of experiences in missionary work and is also a contributor of some note to religious publications. While visiting in Egypt she was assigned to go down the Nile and get an interview with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt when he was returning from his famous hunting expedition in Africa.

Rev. L. K. Peacock, a United Presbyterian minister of Houston, Pa., was for several years the gen-

eral manager of the Sunday campaigns. He gave up his regular work as a minister to follow Mr. Sunday and later embarked in the evangelical career on his own account. Mr. Peacock is a graduate of Westminster College, which is also the institution from which Mr. Sunday holds an honorary Doctor's degree.

CHAPTER X

When the Evangelist Was Finding Himself

THE trite adage "mighty oaks from little acorns grow" has no better exemplification than in the history of the W. A. Sunday campaigns. The monster movements swaying thousands and interesting in some instances close to a million people in a single city are the outgrowth of comparatively tiny meetings whose history is lost in the shadowy recollections of the memories a quarter century old. This, for no better reason than at the time they were not considered important. The careful records which the press of the country has compiled in the day of the big campaigns were not made.

A detailed enumeration even of the more important campaigns must lack variety and possibly that element of spectacular interest which attaches to a majority of the activities of the evangelist. No work that purports to be a biographical survey of his life, however, would be complete without such an enumeration. Unfortunately such of the records as exist are in many instances conflicting or lacking in definite authority. In that which follows a careful effort has been made to sift facts from fancies and so far as possible to give the best available information even where it has not been possible to verify statements made.

The commonly accepted list of campaigns together with the reported number of conversions as

this has gone the rounds of the press is given below. It should be definitely understood that this is an unofficial list and that diligent efforts to verify a number of the statements and figures have been without success.

CAMPAIGNS 1904 AND 1905.

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Marshall, Minn.	600
Sterling, Ill.	1,678
Rockford, Ill.	1,000
Elgin, Ill.	800
Carthage, Ill.	650
Pontiac, Ill.	1,100
Jefferson, Iowa	900
Bedford, Iowa	600
Seymour, Iowa	600
Centerville, Iowa	900	\$1,500
Corydon, Iowa	500
Audubon, Iowa	500
Atlantic, Iowa	600
Harlan, Iowa	400
Exira, Iowa	400
Keokuk, Iowa	1,000	2,200
Redwood Falls, Minn.	600
Mason City, Iowa.	1,000
Dixon, Ill.	1,875	2,000
Canon City, Colo.	950
Macomb, Ill.	1,880	3,100
Canton, Ill.	1,120

CAMPAIGNS 1905-1906

Rantoul, Ill.	550
Aledo, Ill.	974
Burlington, Iowa.	2,484	\$4,000
Rochester, Minn.	1,230	2,250
Princeton, Ill.	2,325	5,036
Austin, Minn.	1,388	2,250
Freeport, Ill.	1,365
Prophetstown, Ill.	900

CAMPAIGNS 1906-1907

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Salida, Colo.	800
Kewanee, Ill.	3,018
Worthington, Minn.	1,037	\$2,100
Kankakee, Ill.	2,650	2,100
Murphysboro, Ill.	2,180	2,100
Fairfield, Iowa	1,118	3,608
Knoxville, Iowa	1,017	3,148
Gibson City, Ill.	1,000

CAMPAIGNS 1907-1908

Galesburg, Ill.	2,580	\$5,000
Muscatine, Iowa	3,579	5,611
Bloomington, Ill.	4,266	8,000
Decatur, Ill.	6,700	10,372
Charlestown, Ill.	2,467	6,000
Sharon, Pa.	4,731	6,330

CAMPAIGNS 1908-1909

Jacksonville, Ill.	3,007	\$7,500
Ottumwa, Iowa	3,732	7,353
Spokane, Wash.	5,300	10,808
Springfield, Ill.	4,729	10,734
Marshalltown, Iowa	2,026	6,022

CAMPAIGNS 1909-1910

Boulder, Colo.	1,596	\$3,490
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	2,906	7,080
Youngstown, Ohio	5,915	12,000
Danville, Ill.	5,000	9,000
Bellingham, Wash.	4,500	6,000
Everett, Wash.	4,000	5,500
New Castle, Pa.	6,683
Waterloo, Iowa	4,500	8,000



HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

CAMPAIGNS 1911

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Portsmouth, Ohio	5,224	\$7,100
Lima, Ohio	5,659	8,050
Toledo, Ohio	7,686	15,423
Erie, Pa.	5,312	11,565
Springfield, Ohio	6,804	12,000
Wichita, Kansas	5,500	10,114

CAMPAIGNS 1912-1913

Canton, Ohio	5,640	\$12,500
Wheeling, W. Va.....	8,437	17,450
Fargo, N. D.....	4,000	5,000
Beaver Falls, Pa.	6,000	10,000
East Liverpool, Ohio.....	6,354	12,554
McKeesport, Pa.	10,022	13,438
Columbus, Ohio	18,137	21,000
Wilkes Barre, Pa.....	16,854	23,527
South Bend, Ind.....	6,458	11,200

CAMPAIGNS 1913-1914

	<i>Length of Campaigns</i>	<i>Conver- sions</i>	<i>Free Will Offering</i>
Steubenville, Ohio...	Sept. —-Oct. —.....	7,888	\$11,345
Johnstown, Pa.....	Nov. 2-Dec. 15.....	11,829	14,000
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Dec. 22-Feb. 22.....	25,797	46,000
Scranton, Pa.....	Mar. 1-Apr. 20.....	16,999	22,398
Huntington, W. Va..	Apr. 28-June —.....
Colorado Springs....	June —,-July —.....	4,288	5,611

CAMPAIGNS 1914-1915

Des Moines, Iowa...	10,200	\$13,000
Omaha, Neb.....	Sept. 20-Nov. 15.....	17,500	20,000
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Jan. 3-Mch. 20.....	39,331	51,136
Paterson, N. J.....	Mch. 27-May 28.....	13,200	25,000

CAMPAIGNS 1915-1916

	<i>Length of Campaigns</i>	<i>Conver- sions</i>	<i>Free Will Offering</i>
Syracuse, N. Y.....	Oct. 31-Dec. 19.....	21,200	24,124
Trenton, N. J.....	Jan. —, -Feb. 21.....	19,640	35,000
Baltimore, Md.....	Feb. 28-Apr. 23.....	25,000	40,000
Kansas City, Mo....	Apr. 30-June 18.....	25,646	32,000

CAMPAIGNS 1916-1917

Detroit, Mich.....	Sept. 10-Nov. 6.....	26,911	46,102
Boston, Mass.....	Nov. 13-Jan. 21.....	63,484	53,000
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Jan. 21-Mch. 31.....
New York City.....	April 15

Beginning with the campaign at Rantoul, Illinois, in 1905 Judge H. E. Burgess of Aledo, Illinois, commenced and continued a compilation of the Sunday campaign until the end of 1913. He has concerned himself only with the number of conversions and his list down to the South Bend, Indiana, campaign is as follows:

1905-1906 — Rantoul, Ill., 550; Aledo, Ill., 974; Burlington, Iowa, 2,484; Rochester, Minn., 1,244; Princeton, Ill., 2,325; Austin, Minn., 1,388; Freeport, Ill., 1,365; Prophets-town, Ill., 900.

1906-1907 — Salida, Colo., 612; Kewanee, Ill., 3,018; Worthington, Minn., 1,012;

Kankakee, Ill., 2,650; Murphysboro, Ill., 2,180; Fairfield, Iowa, 1,118; Knoxville, Iowa, 1,051; Gibson City, Ill., 1,089.

1907-1908 — Galesburg, Ill., 2,508; Muscatine, Iowa, 3,579; Bloomington, Ill., 4,266; Decatur, Ill., 6,213; Charleston, Ill., 2,467; Sharon, Pa., 4,525.

1908-1909 — Jacksonville, Ill., 3,007; Ottumwa, Iowa, 3,600; Spokane, Wash., 5,666; Springfield, Ill., 4,700; Marshalltown, Iowa, 1,987; Boulder, Colo., 1,596; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 2,967; Joplin, Mo., 2,937; Youngstown, Ohio, 5,915; Danville, Ill., 3,127; Bellingham, Wash., 4,500; Everett, Wash., 2,494.

1910-1911 — New Castle, Pa., 6,680; Waterloo, Iowa, 3,357; Portsmouth, Ohio, 5,224; Lima, Ohio, 5,659; Toledo, Ohio, 7,360; Erie, Pa., 5,312.

1911-1912 — Springfield, Ohio, 6,804; Wichita, Kansas, 5,245; Canton, Ohio, 5,640; Wheeling, W. Va., 8,437; Fargo, N. D., 4,000.

1912-1913 — Beaver Falls, Pa., 6,000; East Liverpool, Ohio, 6,354; McKeesport, Pa., 10,022; Columbus, Ohio, 18,137; WilkesBarre, Pa., 16,854; South Bend, Ind., 6,458.

Garner, Ia., was the scene of the first independent Billy Sunday campaign, according to William T. Ellis. The necessity for acting on the call, which came quite unexpectedly and unsolicitedly, grew out of the fact that Dr. Wilbur Chapman, whose assistant Mr. Sunday was at the time, decided suddenly during the Christmas holidays to return to his former charge, the Bethany Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia and to abandon evangelical work. The invitation to Garner came within a few days after this decision on the part of Dr. Chapman and always has been regarded by the evangelist as a direct evidence of divine guidance. According to his own statement: "I had only eight sermons and could not run more than 10 days and that by taking Saturdays off." Still he accepted

the call and from that date to this has never been without opportunity to engage in his chosen work.

Seymour, Ia., is one of the very earliest scenes of a campaign of which there are any direct records. It began December 23, 1900, and ran through January 20 of the year following. Previously Mr. Sunday had been at Elgin, Ill., and from Seymour went to Afton. The length of the stay and the number of conversions, which is given at 400, indicates that in a comparatively short time Mr. Sunday had increased his available supply of sermons and in consequence the length of his campaigns. In this campaign Fred G. Fischer first appears as his assistant and at the time was the only one.

CHAPTER XI

The Larger Campaigns

VIEWED from the vantage points of a quarter of a century the evangelistic efforts of Mr. Sunday seem to fall naturally into three general classes. These are the small towns, the cities, and the metropolitan centers. The division is geographical so far as it relates to the activities of the evangelist.

According to intimate friends who have watched his career throughout its development, the most important step was taken when he was persuaded to undertake a campaign at Decatur, Ill. This, at the time, was a city of 40,000 population or more than double the size of any community in which he had previously done work. When he had accustomed himself to the larger environments he occasionally returned to smaller towns, as he has returned to cities of medium size since he has demonstrated the efficiency of his organization in the strictly metropolitan population centers of the United States.

The problems which Mr. Sunday or any evangelist has to face are not confined to the question of size. There is a psychology which is quite as important and which must be weighed and adjusted as changes are made. These changes in a certain aspect are geographical. From a survey of all his campaigns it will be noted that in a general way Mr. Sunday's work

has progressed from the Middle West, where the population is largely homogeneous and of a rural type and of the variety with which his childhood days were spent, to the East, where there is a greater diversity and greater tendency towards continental practices and possibly a higher degree of calculating intellectuality among a considerable class than is to be found elsewhere in the United States.

In the transition from the small and relatively rural districts to the cosmopolitan areas of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, the series of campaigns conducted in Ohio were of particular importance for the reason that they served to acquaint the evangelist with a greater variety of people and conditions and circumstances which had to be faced and overcome with increasing frequency as the size of his campaigns increased. It was in Ohio that Sunday began to concentrate upon himself national attention which made him an accepted fact in the national economy more rapidly than his previous activity had done.

Moreover the various Ohio campaigns which the evangelist conducted beginning with the close of 1910 came after years of varied experience through which he had perfected himself and his organization and made himself ready for the greater things to which he had been called.

Up to that time his achievements had been such as to challenge comparison with the better known evangelists of the day. From that time forward he was to hear himself ranked with the men whose names have rung through the corridors of time, since first the Christian evangel was preached. The days of Luther, of Wesley, of Whitfield and Savonarola were

invoked for comparison, and as campaign after campaign piled up its invincible figures, even these similes seemed insufficient. Pentecost itself was the only achievement which Mr. Sunday had not surpassed.

The distinctive Ohio era of Mr. Sunday's work practically starts with Portsmouth, where a very significant campaign opened on the last Sunday of 1910 and continued for six weeks. As a result 5,200 converts are reported and a free-will offering of \$10,554 was made. The assistants at that time were: Rev. Mr. Honeywell, Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Fred Seibert, Miss Frances Miller and Miss Anna MacLaren.

It was during the Portsmouth campaign that Mr. Sunday made his first excursion into Columbus, the state capital. There was at the time a vigorous wet and dry fight going on in the legislature, and the Ohio Anti-Saloon League induced Mr. Sunday to come to Columbus for an address, which he delivered in Memorial Hall to a crowd which broke all records for that large auditorium. The event made more than a state-wide impression, as the talk, delivered with its accustomed fire and vigor was a startling innovation even to a press which had 50 years' experience with the vitriolic possibilities of uncounted political meetings.

This visit to Columbus laid the foundation for the call which was finally accepted in 1912.

From Portsmouth Mr. Sunday went to Lima, Ohio, with only a few days of rest intervening. The Lima campaign opened February 19, 1911, and closed April 2. Rev. T. H. Campbell who was one of the co-operating pastors at the time, reports the conversions

at 5,700 and the free-will offering at \$11,324. The assistants were Rev. Mr. Honeywell, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Fred Seibert, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Grace Saxe, Miss Anna MacLaren and Mrs. Sunday.

Exactly one week after the conclusion of his arduous services at Lima Mr. Sunday opened the campaign at Toledo, Ohio, April 9, and closed it May 21, 1911. The figures given by L. J. Beecher, city editor of the *Toledo Blade*, shows that Toledo eclipsed all previous records with 7,300 converts and a free-will offering of \$15,423.58. The assistants were Rev. I. E. Honeywell, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Albert Gill, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Frances Miller and Miss Grace Saxe.

Mr. Sunday passed over the borders of Ohio for his next campaign which was at Erie, Pa., but returned immediately thereafter. The Erie campaign opened May 28 and continued until July 9, after which the evangelist went on his usual summer vacation. The conversions are given by the editor of the *Herald* as 5,314 and the free will offering \$11,565.67. The same authority says that the total collection for all purposes was \$21,926.83. The assistants were exactly the same as those of the previous campaign.

Springfield, Ohio, which claimed Mr. Sunday at the opening of his work in September, 1911, while considerably smaller in size than the scene of his several preceding campaigns almost equaled them in results. During the six weeks that the meetings were in progress 7,000 conversions were reported, and the free-will offering amounted to \$13,000. James S. Webb, who was an interested observer during the



WOMEN WAITING IN THE RAIN.

entire period, writing after the lapse of two years says: "The good work he did here still continues and the live members of our churches, Sunday schools and brotherhoods are Sunday converts." At Springfield Rev. L. K. Peacock had succeeded Rev. Mr. Honeywell as assistant evangelist.

Once more Mr. Sunday left Ohio for a brief period, conducting his next campaign at Wichita, Kansas. The opening date was November 12, and the closing was Christmas, 1911. From Wichita, after the holidays, Mr. Sunday resumed his Ohio labors at Canton. Rev. Andrew Brodie of Wichita, reports the conversions as 5,245 and the free-will offering \$10,250. The assistants were Rev. L. K. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gill, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Anna MacLaren, Miss Grace Saxe, Fred Seibert and Mrs. Sunday.

Rev. Jay W. Somerville, Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, of Wichita, Kansas, writes: "The work has been abiding and has revolutionized our city. Many prominent men were converted and have been a tower of strength in the church. Out of this meeting came the Layman's Evangelistic teams that have secured over 3,000 conversions in 150 towns. Several churches have been rejuvenated and the work is still going on."

A press dispatch from Wichita says:

"Just one year from the organization of the first team, 1913 men and boys have been reported as converted as the direct result of the work of this aggressive lay ministry. Converts in other towns in turn have organized teams and have extended the work into

other districts, and report similar harvests. A letter from a town in Oklahoma expressed gratitude for the visit of one of our teams, when 40 converts were secured, and the writer added significantly, 'We now have a team of our own and have visited a number of places, and down to date'—a period of about two months—'we have 125 converts.'

"There are bankers and barbers, capitalists and cattlemen, dentists and drivers, editors and electricians, lawyers and laborers, merchants and mechanics, teachers and traveling men, all bound together by one bond of faith in Jesus, one steadfast and consuming purpose to win men into the Kingdom. These men walk long distances to hold meetings, go in automobiles, or charter Pullman cars, as the case may require, each man paying his own traveling expenses and hotel bills, giving freely of his time, substance, and service for the Master. Lately, however, our independent Kansas towns, when visited, prefer to pay traveling expenses and give entertainment."

Conservative Canton, Ohio, was the next place to feel the sting of the activity of a Sunday campaign. The meetings opened there December 31, 1911, and ended February 11, 1912. Wm. A. Ernst, of the *Canton Repository*, says the accepted number of conversions was 5,654. This excluded a large number of youngsters, perhaps several thousands. The free-will offering amounted to \$13,000. The assistants were Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Grace Saxe, Rev. L. K. Peacock and Fred Seibert.

Three campaigns intervened before Mr. Sunday again returned to Ohio for active work. Wheeling, West Virginia, had a series of meetings which started February 18 and closed March 31, 1912. Charles E. Miner, quoting from the press of his city, says "8,437 is the accepted number of conversions, the free-will offering was \$17,000." This was a new record in offerings at that time. The assistants were the same as those for the previous meetings with the addition of George M. Sunday, a son of the evangelist, participating for a period.

Rev. W. S. Dysinger, pastor of the First English Lutheran church of Wheeling, in a public meeting two years after the campaign said "every church in the city had derived wonderful results from the campaign; that practically all of the new members who were converted during the revival are still in the church and that Wheeling people were benefited morally, physically and financially." Rev. Mr. Dysinger cited three instances of good Mr. Sunday had accomplished that had recently come to his attention.

The first, he said, was the case of a huckster he had met on the street. 'You see that good horse and wagon and that wagon load of produce?' the fellow said to the minister. 'Well, that's what Billy Sunday did for me.'

The second was the case of a wife deserter, who had been converted and had returned to his family to protect and provide for them. Another was that of a laborer who had, previous to the campaign, been satisfied with living in a little shack entirely too small for the needs of his family. He "hit the

sawdust trail" during the Sunday meetings and immediately doubled the size of the dwelling. 'Billy Sunday and his preaching made me do it,' the fellow told Rev. Mr. Dysinger, when the minister asked him what had brought about the change.

The minister said his own church had received 328 new members as a result of the campaign, and less than a dozen had dropped out since. He laughingly explained to the audience he wished to lay particular emphasis on the fact he is the pastor of a Lutheran church.

"If the people don't stick,' the minister said in conclusion, 'dont blame Billy Sunday. It isn't his fault. Rather you should lay it at the door of the ministers and the people."

Making another of his long jumps Mr. Sunday next directed his energies to the spiritual rejuvenation of Fargo, North Dakota, a community, which according to all published reports, stood in need of such attention. Ralph R. Wolf, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., defines the campaign as starting March 7 and concluding May 12, 1912, with conversions numbering 3,159, and a free-will offering of \$5,026. The same corps of assistants that had been so successful in Wheeling participated in the North Dakota work.

Beaver Falls, Pa., was the last place that meetings were held prior to the summer vacation of 1912. The Beaver Falls meetings according to Rev. Geo. B. Laird, opened May 16, and closed June 24, 1912. The conversions were over 4,229 and the free-will offering was \$10,357.56. Rev. L. K. Peacock, Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Mr. and Mrs. Gill, Fred Sei-

bert, Miss Grace Saxe, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Frances Miller and Mrs. Sunday added their energies to this campaign.

F. S. Reader, editor of the *Beaver Valley News*, which was within the zone of the Sunday influence, writes, "He was a great blessing to our valley."

East Liverpool, Ohio, followed the summer vacation. The meetings opened September 15 and closed October 27, 1912, according to C. V. Talbot, managing editor of the *Morning Tribune*. He gives the conversions as 6,354 and the free-will offering as \$12,600. The assistants were B. D. Ackley, Miss Grace Saxe, Prof. Hugh Laughlin, who took the place of Homer A. Rodeheaver who was taken ill at East Liverpool, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Fred Seibert, "Uncle Jimmy" Johnson and Mrs. Sunday. Mr. Talbot concludes "Billy Sunday is worthy of every boost."

McKeesport, Pa., practically a suburb of Pittsburgh, was the scene of the second campaign of the fall of 1912. The work started there November 3 and continued for six weeks, during which time 10,022 converts were made and a free-will offering of \$13,438 was secured. The assistants were the same as those who co-operated at East Liverpool.

From McKeesport with only a few intervening days of rest spent at his home in Winona Lake, Mr. Sunday and his party came to Columbus, Ohio.

Columbus, because of the peculiar cosmopolitan nature of its inhabitants and the extraordinary importance attached to politics in that city at all times of the year, and the further fact that the legislature was in session, and that the inauguration of the governor would take place during the period of the Sun-

day campaign, led to repeated predictions, both publicly and privately expressed, that the usual results attending Mr. Sunday's efforts would not be forthcoming as they had been in the past. Seven weeks were destined to disprove every one of these assertions and to establish new high marks in all the lines of his efforts.

Joe Speice, the man who with intervals of an occasional vacation has been the architect for Mr. Sunday for more than 10 years, built for Columbus the largest tabernacle which up to that time had been erected for the evangelist.

Including the choir loft which seated over 1,200 people, the auditorium had a capacity of 12,000 seats, and this with few exceptions was tested at every one of the 93 meetings, so that at the conclusion it was estimated that almost 1,000,000 persons had sat under the spell of this wonderful man's preaching.

The total number of converts was 18,333, of whom 2,189 came forward on the last day, thus eclipsing all evangelical records to that date.

Mr. Sunday's offering was \$21,000; the amount collected for current expenses was \$19,187.81; collected for charity \$2,381.55; special offering for the women in the Sunday party \$1,115.55; grand total of moneys collected during the campaign \$44,432.68.

The nursery, which was in a building adjacent to the tabernacle, cared for 1,884 babies during the meetings. A "check" was issued to the mother of each baby to avoid confusion.

The revival opened December 29, 1912 and closed February 16, 1913.

It was during the Columbus campaign that Mr. Sunday was compelled, somewhat against his will, to repeat a number of his sermons, because often the 12,000 who crowded the tabernacle was only a portion of the throng which demanded to hear certain of his well known sermons.

Columbus also broke all records for the "women only" meeting, Mr. Sunday being compelled to give the same discourse three times in the same day, a *tour de force* of such magnitude that it can be appreciated only by those who have heard the evangelist through one of his large and exciting discourses.

The press of Columbus estimated that on that day 40,000 women heard Mr. Sunday. They began to seek admission as early as 5 o'clock in the morning; doors were opened for the first meeting at 10:30 and closed at 11, and at 11:45 the first sermon was preached, concluding at 1:50. The second sermon followed immediately and the third was given in the evening.

To appreciate fully the significance of these figures it is necessary to add that during all the morning hours a cold drizzling rain was falling. The excitement on the outside so nearly approached a riot that police reserves were called out to prevent accidents.

The women finally "rushed" the police line and literally battered down a large door to gain admittance. The place was packed almost to suffocation — several fainting. Even the pulpit platform was crowded with women, who sat on the edge.

On several nights Mr. Sunday was compelled to stop his sermons temporarily on account of noise by

people who had climbed to the roof to peer through the ventilators.

Columbus served to show the wide range of influence a Sunday campaign has in the surrounding community. The following episode detailed by the *Columbus Citizen* is typical:

"Fire and church bells rang, whistles blew, shops shut down, stores and schools closed and the people turned out en masse at Dunkirk — 70 miles north of Columbus, on the T. & O. C. — to greet Billy Sunday Tuesday afternoon when he changed trains on his way here from Winona Lake.

"An automobile met him at the station and whirled him to the biggest church in the town. It was packed to capacity when he arrived. He threw off his hat and fur overcoat and plunged at once into a fiery sermon. Almost before he knew it he had preached 45 minutes. He gave a call for converts and 12 "hit the trail" — not on saw dust, but on Brussels carpet in the church.

"When the time drew near for his train, Billy hurried from the church, but not until he had shaken hands with half the people of Dunkirk. 'If I go home next Sunday night I'll stop over here again next Tuesday, and preach for you,' Billy told them. Then they cheered him. A big crowd followed his auto to the depot, where they waved good-bye as the train pulled away for Columbus.

" 'You people don't appreciate half what the newspapers are doing to spread the Gospel in this campaign,' said Mr. Sunday Tuesday night at the tabernacle in telling of his Dunkirk meeting. 'For 100 miles in every direction from Columbus they're reading of

these wonderful meetings and are being aroused.'

"The ministers of Dunkirk, by long distance phone had arranged for the meeting



with Sunday before he left Winona Lake, Tuesday morning. 'I'll stop anywhere between trains to preach God's word and save souls,' said Billy to his tabernacle audience."

On another occasion to gratify the beautiful little city of Marysville, 30 miles from Columbus, Mr. Sunday denied himself his usual morning's rest, and by use of a special train, in each direction, was able to reach the place, preach to 3,000 people who were packed in the largest building which the town possesses, the plant of the John Wildi Evaporated Milk Co., and return to Columbus in time for his afternoon service.

At the conclusion of the campaign, the *Ohio State Journal*, and afterwards the *Literary Digest* quoting it, said:

"Eclipsing all previous evangelistic records in point of numbers of converts and in funds raised by free-will offering for the exclusive use of the revivalist, Rev. Billy Sunday wound up his seven weeks' campaign in Columbus yesterday with five rousing meetings, in which 2,231 people hit the sawdust trail and \$20,795 poured into the hands of the tellers in checks, greenbacks, gold and glittering piles of small change.

"Scenes of the greatest dramatic moment marked the closing hours of the campaign at the huge tabernacle, which for a stretch of seven weeks had been jammed with throngs of earnest listeners.

"Thunders of:

'God be with you till we meet again
Keep love's banner floating o'er you.
Smite death's threatening wave before you.'

died away among the rafters of the Billy Sunday tabernacle; one by one the lights went out, one by one farewells were said, the evangelist and his wife, and then the helpers departed.

"But many lingered, loath to see the end of the day whose six monster meetings including one at the penitentiary, were attended by 40,000 persons who listened to the Preached Word; when more than 2,000 confessed conversion and neary \$21,000 was collected, and which brought to a close the seven week's campaign that had shaken Columbus as nothing religous ever had shaken it; which brought 18,000 persons to make personal and public confession of faith in Jesus Christ, and which gave to Columbus last evening, every record in modern evangelism.

"Everyone was tired, everyone was happy, everyone was satisfied. So pleased were those in attendance at one meeting yesterday that a resolution asking Rev. Mr. Sunday to return to Columbus was adopted with a cheer.

"For more than seven weeks hundreds of business men had neglected their private affairs, for an equal period social engagements were disregarded or sidetracked; for that length of time 60 churches had closed their doors, their pastors had devoted the bulk of their time to advancing the work of campaign and during all those days, Rev. Billy Sunday, the baseball evangelist, had talked and prayed, sweated and pranced about the platform, besought and entreated the sinners, flayed with scathing invectives every sort of wickedness and endeared himself personally to multitudes who either had been openly, or covertly, antagonistic. Under the spell of this oratory and the persuasive influence of his co-workers, all manner of men were made to take a new view of life. City and county officials, saloonkeepers and professors, society women and shop girls, school children and avowed agnostics, stood

up and said 'I publicly accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior.'

"There were held 95 tabernacle meetings, at all but two of which Mr. Sunday spoke. At these meetings there were present between 750,000 and one million people. The total number of cards signed was 18,333 greater than any number ever secured in this country in a like period of time by Rev. Mr. Sunday, or, it is said, by any other evangelist."

The interest of the newspapers of the city throughout the campaign was intense. On the final Sunday, for instance, *The Columbus Dispatch* moved its entire news gathering staff of 20 men to the tabernacle. A "city news room" was established in the Railway Y. M. C. A. adjoining, in charge of Managing Editor Johnson and City Editor Rieker. The staff reporters were assigned to duty in different parts of the tabernacle, in the temporary bank in the basement, in the crowds that thronged the outside, etc. They worked throughout the day and night and at daylight Monday issued an "extra" giving a complete history of the wonderful day — several pages in all.

Immediately following Columbus, Mr. Sunday opened a series of meetings at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the farthest east of any district in which he had ever worked. The campaign opened on Washington's Birthday — February 22 — 1913. Rev. W. M. Randles, pastor of the Bethesda Congregational church, gives the number of converts as 16,548, and the free-will offering as \$23,527.66. In only this one respect did the Wilkes-Barre campaign exceed that of Columbus.

CHAPTER XII

Metropolitan Campaigns

A sort of common consent sets apart some 10 or 12 of the larger cities of the United States as metropolitan centers. Size seems not to be the only prerequisite but a certain cosmopolitan character of its population, together with a diversity of business interests and a concentration of commercial activity, not unusually accompanied by what in other sections of the country are considered extremes in social relaxation.

It is the nature of the population as much as it is the size of the community which causes it to present a different problem to any evangelist, in which respect Mr. Sunday is no different than his associates except in so far as he has perfected his organization and been able to cope with the obstacles which these conditions present. Naturally, these conditions are present in some degree in many smaller communities, but in a general way, taking the larger cities which Mr. Sunday has visited, it will be recognized that Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, Boston and possibly Kansas City fall within the same general class.

Taken in the order in which they were attacked, the Pittsburgh campaign is the first to be considered. Although he had previously worked in what were practically the suburbs of that city and had conducted several campaigns in the state, it was known to his

immediate friends and associates that he entertained a certain amount of uneasiness in making the attack.

The campaign in Pittsburgh opened on December 22, 1913. For its accommodation the architect had contrived a tabernacle that exceeded by several thousand in capacity the size of any which had hitherto been constructed and which has only been excelled slightly in any subsequent campaign. The estimated capacity of this tabernacle was given at 20,000 persons. This is probably excessive, as in point of fact is the estimate given for most tabernacles. The figures here given and employed throughout this volume, are from newspaper accounts of the several campaigns and there is an inherent disposition on the part of newspaper men generally to give outside figures in estimating attendances and capacities, particularly with a view that their home communities may not suffer by comparison with any other.

In Pittsburgh the expedient of a sounding board above the pulpit was employed for the first time and proved so valuable that it has continued to be a permanent feature of all subsequent tabernacles. Pittsburgh was the first city where any concession was made in the complete closing of all co-operating churches during the campaign. Upwards of 400 churches participated in the Pittsburgh series of meetings and their total enrollment would have filled the tabernacle at every meeting without allowing for the interests of any outsiders.

Pittsburgh, because of its great wealth and also its large foreign population, was considered to present peculiar problems. The tabernacle was built in the very shadow of the social center of the city, Hotel

Shenley, and from the very first the wealthy steel and iron men of the city were among the active co-operators in the campaign, and in the end among the leading contributors to the volunteer offering.

An analysis of the results in Pittsburgh shows that they are in line with those of cities of a less complex nature. With newspapers of a size and number greater than any city he had previously visited, Mr. Sunday found the same spirit of co-operation and the same successful exploitation of his efforts. It is true that a greater degree of opposition voiced itself through the medium of the printed page, but in the end the aggregate attention, certainly the aggregate influence, when measured by the number of readers who would be reached, was as great or greater than any city Mr. Sunday had visited up to that time.

Problems in kind but greater in magnitude were confronted by the second large center of population in Pennsylvania — Philadelphia — which was visited for an eleven weeks' campaign beginning January 3, 1915. For this city the capacity of the tabernacle was stretched to its limits and here again there was a divisional arrangement of churches remaining closed during the campaign. Again the organization for the campaign showed its superb working qualities and until the Boston campaign, the results at Philadelphia constituted in every respect the high water marks of the Sunday activities.

In Philadelphia the most conspicuous element of the successful business men, led by John Wanamaker, identified themselves with the movement and co-operated to insure its success. The general understanding of the public is that the population of Phila-

delphia is less diversified and more inclined to religious activity than that of Pittsburgh. In the matter of size and diversified interests greater obligations are laid upon an evangelist, and here again, in spite of some internal difficulties which arose, the final success was in proportion to all that had gone before.

The lesser campaigns of Paterson and Trenton, N. J., which preceded Baltimore, were considered by some students to present peculiar problems because of the extraordinary large population of foreigners and organized labor. Yet, a survey of the results shows that no material variation from the usual proportions resulted.

Another metropolitan center for which the usual prediction of failure was made was Baltimore. Baltimore had this in common with Pittsburgh, that it is one of the strongholds of the liquor element. In addition to that the population of Baltimore is largely of a southern nature, more conservative and less given to emotional display than any other communities in which Mr. Sunday had held meetings. Because the wet and dry question was immediately involved in the Baltimore campaign, as it has been in a number of the more recent meetings of Mr. Sunday, the opposition to him in that city was strong from the very outset. Even this, however, made no considerable difference either in the attitude of the public towards the evangelist or in the final result of his campaign.

Nor was it reflected in any degree in the press of the city. It is true that certain of the opposition activities were also able to secure public attention, but they were not permitted in any way to infringe on the extraordinary allowances of space given to the meet-

THE NEW YORK TABERNACLE — GREATEST BUILDING OF ITS KIND EVER BUILT.



ings. Visits to Johns Hopkins, to Cardinal Gibbons, of international importance, marked the Baltimore campaign and served to align the evangelist with the most prominent activities of the state of Maryland.

Kansas City, more homogeneous in its population than the eastern centers, was considered doubtful by reason of its being the liberal outlet for practically the entire state of Kansas. Furthermore, the newspapers of Kansas City are among the most conservative in the United States. While they did not accord the meetings the same extraordinary display of art and headlines, which has been their lot in the East, in proportion to their usual practices they did quite as much for the Sunday meetings as any other city has done. The very fact that a known conservative paper like the Kansas City Star should deal liberally with the meetings, carried their message and their influence over the entire Middle West.

Detroit was attacked at the very height of its motor-driven prosperity. Filled with the excitement of war orders and extraordinary business activity, with a state wet and dry fight in progress, the Sunday revivals of the fall of 1916 bid for attention when attention was a scarce commodity. Practically the entire series of meetings was intertwined with the wet and dry campaign then in progress. On various occasions Mr. Sunday employed what is ordinarily his day of rest, the Monday of each week, in excursions from Detroit and in campaigning in behalf of the dry forces. In this manner he reached a dozen or more cities of importance, and to his activities, more than any other single influence, the dry victory at the polls in November of that year is attributed.

Yet the practical evangelical results of his campaign in no wise suffered. The attendance at the meetings, the number of conversions and the free-will offering which testified the esteem in which the man is held, were all comparable to the other cities of similar size where he had conducted meetings.

In Detroit as in Philadelphia, the leading business men of the city aligned themselves with the campaign efforts, not so much because of religious interests as because of the wet and dry fight. This included several automobile manufacturers who had found that sober employes were able to turn out more and better work, and S. S. Kresge, manager of a chain of popular priced stores throughout the United States, who established by checking the returns of his stores in various wet and dry communities that it was worth thousands of dollars to him to have the saloons out of business.

In Baltimore and other of the larger cities visited, efforts were made to have the campaigns continued beyond the limit originally set for them by Mr. Sunday. This, because it would have interfered with other engagements, had not been possible. But in preparing for his series of meetings at Boston, Mr. Sunday took cognizance of the fact that in order to produce the maximum effect a longer period of application was necessary and he accordingly arranged for 10 weeks in that city, which, with the exception of the campaign in Philadelphia and the one planned for New York City, is the longest time ever accorded any single community.

It must be recognized that Boston is not alone the fifth city of the United States but it is within traction

and commuter distance of a population of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000, so that in some respects it could rank as the second city of the country. This feature had its effects upon the meeting as was shown when a delegation of more than 1,000 persons came from Providence, Rhode Island, to attend the meetings and to urge upon Mr. Sunday the expediency of holding a series of meetings in Providence, which he finally consented to do. This invitation committee eclipsed all previous records which had been held up to that time. Philadelphia sent 200 pastors to Scranton to present the formal invitation which resulted in the Philadelphia campaign. That trip, however, was at the instigation and the expense of the Philadelphia North American, while the Providence party came of its own volition and at its own expense.

Boston also furnished the first, and to the present the only example of a tabernacle not built entirely of wood. Controversy regarding this tabernacle threatened at one time to prevent the holding of any meetings at Boston. So powerful were the interests behind the Boston meetings that they were able to get through the legislature of Massachusetts a special enactment permitting a special frame structure within the limits of Boston, contrary to the previously existing regulation. This bill, however, was vetoed by the governor and the situation was finally met by the construction of a tabernacle the walls of which were composed of hollow tile. This tremendously increased the local expenses of the Boston campaign, which, in the aggregate amounted to \$90,000. Because of these conditions Boston holds at the present time the record of

the most expensive campaign ever waged by Mr. Sunday.

Boston, which possesses probably more thoroughly good newspapers than any community of like size or importance in the United States, was as generous with the evangelist as any other city in the country. Boston was profoundly stirred by the activities of the evangelist and his assistants, and judged on the basis of the relation of the number of converts to population, this series of meetings compares favorably with any other. That the conventional and liberal members of the Unitarian faith should have been affected in any considerable numbers was probably more than was to have been expected. Still, in point of fact their defection in no wise influenced the general result.

CHAPTER XIII

"This Is Ma"

NO account of the career and achievements of Rev. W. A. Sunday would be complete or accurate unless it made full recognition of the part Mrs. Sunday has had in both. So nearly coincidental are the Christian ministry and the married life of Mr. Sunday that a separation of the two is almost impossible. It is doubtful if either of the couple realize the amount the other has contributed to the success of the work.

Mr. Sunday was married about a year after his conversion, but before he began actual evangelical work. Mrs. Sunday, therefore, started married life as the wife of a base ball player.

Their honeymoon was made in the swing around the circuit with the baseball team. For some time Mrs. Sunday continued to be her husband's traveling companion.

The exact incidents of the first meeting are not clearly defined. Mrs. Sunday frequently refers to it in her talks as having taken place at a Presbyterian church.

In the family history there are two stories of another suitor whose activities had to be circumvented by the wily and energetic baseball player. Moreover, the senior Thompson, Mrs. Sunday's father, a well-to-do ice cream manufacturer and real

estate holder of the west side of Chicago, by reason of his strong Scotch Presbyterian predilections, was opposed to a professional baseball player as a member of the family, although that ball player had become a regular attendant at the Wednesday evening prayer meetings of his own church.

A very little youngster at that time, now a Chicago business man by name of W. A. Thompson, a brother to Mrs. Sunday, ascribes the successful consummation of the courtship somewhat to his own efforts. At least it was his interest in baseball, and his youthful admiration for the star, Sunday, that made easier the friendship between the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer and a baseball player, who like many of their class, could boast of no particular social standing.

According to young Thompson the beginning of this friendship was back in 1885. Thompson tells an interesting story of how he tried his influence with his sister for the position of mascot on the Chicago team, a position which Sunday made possible for him, and which he enjoyed for a couple of seasons.

Nellie Thompson had had advantages which were not part of Mr. Sunday's bringing up. She not only enjoyed the usual schooling accorded young women in Chicago, but devoted considerable time to a study of painting, and her intimate friends still prize evidence of her skill with the brush.

It is to the influence of his sweetheart that Mr. Sunday ascribes the fact that he became a Presbyterian.

As evidence of her influence on his career he is today an ordained minister in a church which is neither

the logical affiliation for one of his German extraction nor of the early training of his mother and the home.

The momentous question was asked, and the proper answer returned, and the record shows that on the 5th of September, 1888, Wm. A. Sunday and Miss Helen A. Thompson were joined in marriage by David C. Marquis, a minister of the gospel. It would seem that Mr. Sunday, in common with all mankind, was considerably nervous at the time he secured his license. This was the day previous to the wedding, and on that occasion he gave his age as 24, and that of Miss Thompson as 20. This calls attention to the discrepancy of several records concerning the early life of Mr. Sunday. According to the information on file at the orphan asylum, Mr. Sunday was born in 1862; according to the biographical sketch in "Who's Who," which is usually very accurate, he was born in 1863, while the deduction from the records of his marriage license would make his birth year 1864.

Mrs. Sunday says that the date 1862 is correct; and that the discrepancies arose because as a youth Mr. Sunday was so much away from home and knew very little of his family history.

For more than twenty years the Sundays made Chicago their home, living in the vicinity of Throop and Adams streets, which was then one of the best resident sections of the city.

To thousands and thousands who have sat beneath the spell of Mr. Sunday's voice, Mrs. Sunday is affectionately known as "Ma." Nothing could be more effective and at the same time a finer compliment to the woman than the manner in which Mr. Sunday is

wont to introduce her to his audience. After he has presented the assistants, and the choir leader, and the soloists, and the instrumentalist, he will usually end by that terse phrase "and this is Ma."

It means everything to the evangelist. In public and in private he is generous in his acknowledgment of the important part she plays in all his work. Essentially she is his business manager, practically she is the buffer which comes between the preacher and the thousand and one little trials of life which do so much to disturb the even tenor of existence. At home and abroad Mr. Sunday remains the impetuous sweetheart which he was in his baseball days. In a recent campaign he paid this tribute to Mrs. Sunday:

"I've never yet gone contrary to Mrs. Sunday's advice that I haven't found myself up against it. Nell wouldn't take first prize at a beauty show, but she's got more good horse sense than any woman I ever saw in my life. And I think she's the most beautiful woman I ever saw, too."

The mother of four children, two of whom are married, Mrs. Sunday has found it possible to spend a great deal of her time traveling with her husband at the same time maintaining a home for him—first at Chicago and later at Winona Lake. It has always been open and ready for entertainment on a moment's notice. For all her much living in hotels and continued traveling, meeting with business men, clergymen, newspapermen and others, Mrs. Sunday has preserved that wonderfully fidelity to her home instincts, and is in every sense a home woman, quite as much



"Ma" SUNDAY.

as Mr. Sunday is a home man, despite the little opportunity either has had to enjoy a natural inclination.

A charming picture of the life of the evangelist and his wife is given by Miss Julia Brandon Cole in the *South Bend Tribune*. Miss Cole visited Mr. and Mrs. Sunday at their home and giving her impression of the woman says:

"Mrs. Sunday is a homely woman in the truest sense of the old English word. Plain of face, comfortable of figure and characterized by a sympathetic smile and the kindest eyes in the world, her entire personality breathes quiet efficiency.

"She sat before the broad window in the living room of her home looking out over the lake the other day as she talked about the coming revival in South Bend and experiences which the party has had in other towns. About her things were in confusion for the household was cleaning house in true old fashioned manner.

"Although the two boys were excitedly watching dust gather in the glass jar of a vacuum cleaner, seriously hampering the manipulator and the maid was rushing about superintending odd jobs of the men of the Sunday party who were spending a few days at the cottage, the confusion seemed to fall away from her. Matters referred continually to her were disposed of instantly with quiet decision and without interrupting the thread of her talk.

"With a feeling of sympathy for the housewife whose home program must be continually disarranged by the constant moving from point to point I asked if she objected

to the frequent upheaval of moving about. Here I received the first insight into an attitude which fairly permeates the entire household and party.

“‘Why, no,’ with a smile of genuine surprise, ‘it is necessary, so I accept it as a matter of course.’

“Her tone held something of reproof and I hastened to explain that in putting up preserves and caring for household matters must of necessity be difficult under such conditions.

“‘People should just see my provision closet,’ she laughed, ‘I guess they would admit I don’t let my family starve.’

“‘Mamma, where’s my tennis racket?’ this from young Billy, and she arose hastily to produce the lost traps.

“As she seated herself again she fell to chatting about revival reminiscences.

“‘You know about 75 per cent of the church membership are women which would indicate that they are more easily reached than men. But in revival work I believe a man’s heart is touched more quickly than a woman’s.

“‘A woman once reached, however, will not rest until the men she is interested in, her husband, her brother, father or her sweetheart, have been converted. Nine out of 10 women have unconverted husbands and with tears in their eyes their first request will be that we pray for their husband.

“‘It is seldom that a woman will grow hysterical in the audience, improbable as that may first appear. Generally hysteria or fainting may be traced to physical or nervous condition.

“‘No disturbance is allowed, anyhow, from such incidents. If a woman faints or

a baby cries, there is a trained corps of ushers who take them out immediately before the interruption can break the attention of the audience. Crying babies are about the only thing Mr. Sunday is really fussy about.

"He never allows scoffing or argument during the course of a meeting, he just says 'two can't talk at once, and I'm on the job' and refuses to allow any discussion.'"

While Miss Cole was interviewing Mrs. Sunday, the evangelist came into the house clad in his outdoor togs and after his fashion entered at once into the conversation. Miss Cole asked him among other things whether it were true, as had been reported, that he employs detectives previous to conducting a campaign in a city. She thus details what happened:

"That's one thing I wish you would explain once for all, make it as strong as you please. I never employed a detective to get information against a town in my life. I won't listen to or use information given by anyone unless they are willing to make sworn affidavit to their statements.

"Moreover, I never use an anonymous letter. The first thing I do when I open a letter is to look for the signature. If it isn't signed into the waste basket it goes. I don't even read it. That's a rule I made when I first began evangelistic work and I have never broken it.

"Papa," she interrupted, "I wish we could get some grass seed in before the rain."

"So do I."

"Hadn't you better put it in?"

"There's a bucket back there. Why don't you use that?"

"All right."

A minute later a pacified Billy Sunday crossed the lawn lugging a big tin wash boiler of grass seed. Then his wife pointed out where he should sow it while she called to young Billy to go take his music lesson.

"He won't go unless he's sent each time," she laughed.

"Mr. Sunday always has strength enough to do what is before him," said his wife later, talking of his reported recent nervous collapse. He speaks so often of the way the Lord gives him extra strength. We see it plainly all the time. For instance, he has to be very careful not to take cold after a sermon when he is perspiring heavily for it affects his voice. Now no matter how strong a draft he may stand in when he is shaking hands with converts, he never catches cold.

"Other times he takes a closed carriage to his room and rubs down being careful not to get cold. He never drinks water when he is talking as so many speakers do."

So much for life at Winona Lake.

At Steubenville an ambitious scribe attempted to chronicle the activities of Mrs. Sunday during the routine of a campaign. The *Steubenville Gazette* gives this outline:

"Arise at 8 a. m.

"Breakfast at 8:30.

"Hunted up Treasurer of Steubenville Evangelistic Association.

"Paid bills for Colonel Albert P. Gill.

"Dictation one hour and a half to Secretary Robert Matthews.

"Opening left-over mail.

"In it found bill for 70 cents for repairs to furnace at Winona Lake home. Sent check for same.

"Dispatched payment for laundry bill to South Bend, Ind.

"Wrote and sent nine letters.

"Answered phone a dozen times.

"Helped Billy Sunday get ready to work.

"Brought paper, sharpened pencils and procured other necessary materials. Sunday works fast and likes everything directly at hand, so as to insure no delay. It is Ma's duty to see that nothing is overlooked.

"AFTERNOON.

"Man came to talk business. Mrs. Sunday stayed at home to attend to this matter thus permitting Billy to devote his entire attention to his regular duties.

"Wrote and dispatched four more letters. one to an expert accountant in Pittsburg; another to a convict in the Ohio penitentiary.

"Received two callers.

"Answered a letter to the editor of *The Beacon Journal*, Akron, O.

"Two ladies called, one of whom had an appointment by mail.

"Rodeheaver introduced a singer who wished to try out with the idea of joining the Sunday party.

"Washed.

"Supper.

"EVENING.

"Prepared her husband's clothing for three changes during the day, took out and put in buttons and laid out clothes ready for his immediate use.

"Attended evening service.

"Prepared Bill's lemonade.

"Yes, Ma Sunday is some busy lady. Bill took a sip of the temperance thirst- quencher, then said, 'And if Ma hadn't been here. I'd have to attend to all this. Wouldn't have had a minute for my work.'"

That the helpful relations existing between Mr. and Mrs. Sunday is apparent to the casual observer is indicated by the following letter which appeared in the *Columbus Citizen* after the close of the campaign in that city in the usual column of letters from our readers. Under a caption of "The Power of Nell" the letter goes on to say:

"Whatever Billy Sunday has done for Columbus, he cannot have failed to have left, deeply imprinted in the hearts of all that heard him preach, a wonderful example of the love of a strong man for his wife. Who can have failed to notice his loving references to 'Nell.' From the first day to the last of his seven weeks' campaign he acknowledged her power. Billy Sunday has come and gone. That he had power and success is shown by 18,000 human beings accepting his teachings and publicly acknowledging their faith. He has shown it by the subscription of \$21,000 for his meritorious work. But back of it all is 'Nell.'

"Sunday evening when Billy Sunday had closed an inspiring sermon in Memorial Hall and the people were halting on decision, 'Nell' stepped in to the breach, led the choir and all unconscious of her power swung several hundred penitent to a public acknowledgment of God. And the beauty

of it all was that she was not striving to establish something. No, she was just trying to show herself a real, live helpmate. Just trying to help Billy, that was all. No wonder Billy Sunday speaks reverently when he says 'Nell.'"

Far more than the average outsider is permitted to know Mrs. Sunday figures in the counsel of the family and in the determination of the activities of the evangelist. No campaign of any moment is agreed upon without her assent. Anything like an innovation in arrangements is referred to her for advice. Like the wives of many great men she looks after the detail of his physical comfort with great care. She it is who sees that he has his overcoat immediately after a period of strenuous exertion. She skillfully extracts him from the throng of curious who press about him at the conclusion of every meeting, and on the other hand sees to it that not the smallest child who has real cause to meet the evangelist fails of doing so.

Wherever possible in campaigns the Sunday party secures a private home for living and for headquarters. Only where this is impossible do they accept hotel accommodations. Usually the family house-keeper comes on and looks after the routine affairs of the house.

In recent years this duty has devolved upon Mrs. Rose Foutts, who has had a varied experience in catering to the domestic needs of the Sunday family and their ever increasing corps of assistants who as a rule live under the same roof with them. Under these circumstances the party constitutes practically

a single family of some 18 or 20 members, with meals at various hours and callers at all hours, imposing a considerable weight of work and responsibility upon the woman who runs the household in the absence of Mrs. Sunday and who must carry out Mrs. Sunday's instructions whenever she is not on hand to give directions in person.

In September 1913 the Sundays celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, and press dispatches thus describe the event:

"Billy Sunday and wife reached the twenty-fifth year of their married life on September 5th and they celebrated the event quietly but happily at Winona Lake. A number of their friends called at the Sunday home during the day and offered their congratulations on their silver wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Sunday received congratulatory messages from friends and admirers in all parts of the country.

"The evangelist is just as devoted to his wife today as he was a quarter of a century ago when he was courting 'Ma,' then Nell, in Chicago, while he played on the old Chicago White Sox baseball team. Billy always has an eye for the comfort of Mrs. Sunday wherever they go and if his wife is not at his side he is continually inquiring of her whereabouts.

"Mrs. Sunday has business ability rarely given to women and can conduct the affairs of her husband evangelist better than he himself, according to his own confession.

"His little peculiarities, what he likes, what he dislikes, how things should be conducted are known to her and she always



THE HOME AT WINONA LAKE.

makes every possible effort to see that accommodations are suitable to his comfort.

"Mrs. Sunday has the same tact that enables a woman to accomplish great results while apparently moving in the even tenor of her way. Their home life is an ideal one of Christian companionship and they have thus joyously passed their silver wedding and are working on hand to hand and hearts attuned to the sweet distant chimes of golden wedding bells."

Until the last trumpet has sounded the world never will know how much of what is accredited to Evangelist W. A. Sunday, is in truth, due to the one affectionately known as "Ma." She is a steadying balance wheel to an excitable and nervous temperament; a sure source of inspiration when his patience is tried; a buffer between the many annoyances of life and their intended object; the sure and level-headed counselor when decisions must be wisely made; the devoted and unwearied assistant both in tedious detail and in splendid generalization. Mrs. Sunday has come to be known among those who have had opportunity of intimate observation, as the power behind the throne.

With the true moral instincts which the Saxon race everywhere has come to revere, her greatest delight is in the success and achievements of her husband. Without reservation her life has been given wholly to him since the day they were joined in wedlock. From that day the star of W. A. Sunday has brightened on the horizon until it has stood at the zenith, flaming as the noonday sun. How much of that

light is Billy Sunday's, the baseball evangelist, and how much of it is the self-denying, level-headed, Scotch determination of Nelle Thompson, daughter of a Chicago ice cream dealer, no one, not even "Ma" herself, can tell.

CHAPTER XIV

Sunday Loves His Home

THE evangelist Sunday is like many a traveling salesman, actor, lecturer, musician, and other involuntary nomad in that he possesses a peculiar and intense love for home, an institution which in the nature of things he cannot know for more than a few weeks out of each 52 in the year. Although a goodly portion of his family is with him most of the time and he frequently has weeks and months together of residence in the same place, where all conveniences that money and modern equipment can provide are at his command, he cherishes a deep and abiding love for a little spot where rest and recreation came to him even in the earliest days of his Christian ministry.

A man is both at his best and at his worst in his home. Therefore, no man is fully known until he is seen in his home. As no man is a hero to his valet so do few men display in their homes those attributes which the world at large admires.

On the other hand, only in the home are the gentler aspects of humanity fully unveiled. The love of home is coupled with love of children. Simplicity of tastes and habits are the natural correlation of mental superiority and spiritual stature.

Winona Lake, a summer resort and Bible student town which nestles on the banks of a little lake in

Northern Indiana, is "home" for Rev. W. A. Sunday. Lionized from coast to coast he becomes here the village oracle. Matched for him in greatness in the estimation of the multitude is his fellow-townsmen, William Jennings Bryan, who despite his official residence in Nebraska is president of the Winona Association, and has repeatedly spoken in public of its importance and the work that is being carried on there.

Between Mr. Sunday and Mr. Bryan, Winona Lake may rely safely on being kept before the public eye as long as these gentlemen retain their normal activity.

But Winona Lake is the place to see Mr. Sunday as a man. There the human side of his character unfolds itself to best advantage. There he has an opportunity of gratifying, in part at least, his love for nature and his pleasure in communing with her in the simplest manner. Mr. Sunday has said that when old age creeps on he wishes to retire to a farm. Until such time, however, Winona offers the proper compromise between complete rustic existence and the crowd and rush of city life. Raking the leaves, tending the lawn, planting and pruning flowers, walking or sitting in the shade of the large trees, reading, Mr. Sunday puts in most of the daylight hours of his vacation days out of doors at Winona.

The Sunday home at Winona Lake has been the subject of considerable public discussion because of the large sums alleged to have been spent on it.

In refuting these charges Mr. Sunday has many times made a public offer to sell the place to anyone who would give \$5,000 in cash for it. His own version is:

"They have circulated the report that I live in a \$40,000 mansion. The facts are that Nell planned the place and it cost us just \$3,700 to build it. Then we spent about a thousand more on interior decorations and fixtures. If anybody's got the nerve to offer me \$5,000 for the place I'll take it so quick it'll make his head swim."

Mr. Sunday first became interested in Winona Lake when connected with Y. M. C. A. work in Chicago and while acting as an evangelist in the small way which characterized his beginning. In those days he lived in one of the large boarding houses with which the place abounds.

The Sunday home is described as a modest frame bungalow with nine or ten rooms, standing on a stretch of lawn overlooking the lake.

Probably no structure of equal pretensions has been so often written about and so variously described as the present Sunday cottage at Winona Lake. Preceding the campaign at South Bend, Wilbur R. Armstrong, representing the *Tribune* of that city, paid a special visit to Winona for the purpose of meeting the evangelist and describing his residence. From the *South Bend Tribune* comes the following:

"'Come in and look through my \$40,000 home,' said he laughing, 'the house cost me exactly \$3,800 to build.'

"'Inside he explained the \$40,000 connection with his residence.

"'Mrs. Sunday and I always call it out our \$40,000 home,' said he, 'because the "booze crowd" have advertised it from one

end of the country to the other that that is what I paid for it. The truth of the matter is it cost me exactly \$3,800, and I spent about \$1,000 in addition for interior decorations. So it is an investment of just about \$5,000, exactly one-eighth of the amount charged against me by the "booze gang."

"We think we have it right cozy here, 'Mamma' and I," said Sunday as he dropped into an easy chair near the door.

"A thorough search of the dictionary would not bring forth a more appropriate word to describe the Sunday home interior and exterior, than 'cozy.'

"It is ideally planned and so filled with pretty things that you want to ask the evangelist if he has ever been tempted to remain at home for the balance of his days.

"The question unasked, was answered indirectly a short time after when Mrs. Sunday volunteered the information that 'Papa' always dreaded to think of leaving it again after a rest there.

"The entire width of the front of the house is taken up with one large room, which is a combination of parlor, sitting room, den and music room. It is furnished elegantly. A wide hallway runs from this room to the rear of the house. On the walls are displayed beautiful enlargements of various members of the evangelist's family; oils, painted by Mrs. Sunday several years ago, and other pictures of interest. The display is so arranged that the passageway assumes the appearance of an art gallery rather than an unattractive hall. Other rooms throughout the house are furnished on practically the same scale as the front of the house.

"There is evidence that expense was not spared in furnishing although Mr. and Mrs.

Sunday were both constantly pointing out things of value about the house which had been presented them by admiring friends.

"These gifts ranged in variety from sets of dishes to Panama hats. The former were gifts largely from people in the pottery towns of Pennsylvania and the hat came from Robert Wolfe, 'Bob' Wolfe, Sunday called him, the owner of the two newspapers in Columbus, Ohio. The hat lay on the bed in one of the rooms, a very ordinary appearing hat at first glance, but one which would have cost Mr. Sunday \$60 or \$75 if he had attempted to buy it in a haberdashery.

"One of the most notable gifts to the Sundays brought to light during the visit, was an elaborate clock, six feet in height, which occupies a prominent position to the front of the house. The clock was the gift of a Masonic lodge in an eastern city and its value is something between \$300 and \$400.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sunday are proud of their Winona home and they make no effort to conceal their pride. The Sundays there are as different from the Sundays of 'the sawdust trail,' as day and night.

"Sunday in the pulpit is a fiery orator; a magnetic figure who commands men; a man who utters words of fire, which some people label vulgar and coarse. In his home he is a quiet, orderly sort of a person, who pets his children and visits with his wife on topics of the day."

Mr. Armstrong writing on another occasion says:

"Billy Sunday has three hobbies, religion, home and baseball. The evangelist fairly revels in the pleasure of his home.

Not infrequently he travels hundreds of miles while in the midst of one of his campaigns to spend a few hours at his beautiful cottage at Winona Lake. When he reaches Winona Lake he immediately plans to secure all the recreation possible. His usual natty apparel is discarded for something old and tried and true. He arrays himself in a loose fitting suit, a soft hat, battered with much usage, and collarless shirt. He spends every possible moment in the open air. He derives keen enjoyment in caring for plants and flowers on the lawn."

The younger children—William Jr. and Paul—share with their father in the unbounded admiration for Winona. Although as much as possible he has the children with him on his trips, proper regard for their education makes this possible only at comparatively long intervals, and there are few places out of the many reached in the travels of Mr. Sunday that appeal to the boys as much as Winona.

Mr. Sunday's neighbors are most proud of him and his good wife. They always appear delighted with the fact he selected Winona Lake as his home, and they never make any attempt to conceal their pleasure at having him with them. At the assembly each year there is one day bigger than the Fourth of July and Christmas. That is a day along early in the summer, when Mr. Sunday delivers his annual address to his neighbors and the patrons of Winona. Thousands of farmers for miles around drive to Winona each year to hear Mr. Sunday make his annual address. Usually he delivers a new sermon at the opening of the assem-

bly, a fact which is always known to his neighbors and a source of no little pride on their part.

Mr. Sunday's neighbors almost with one accord agree that he is the greatest agency in the world today



TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

for the cause of righteousness. The majority of them there were converted through their association with him, and they are probably as devout and God-fearing group of Billy Sunday penitents as he can boast.

Mr. Sunday's preeminence in Winona is a peculiar recognition of his preeminence in the evangelical field. In recent years Winona Lake has come to be the home of a large number of evangelists, many of them being persons of national reputation. That they uniformly ascribe to him superior excellence in the merit of his work and the services to religion, is testimony which must be given extraordinary weight. Recognition of one's own professional associates is usually more highly esteemed than any other acknowledgment that can come as a result of good work honestly done.

Dozens of people down at Winona Lake and at Warsaw, Indiana, a little town a couple of miles from the resort swell with pride at their acquaintanceship with Mr. Sunday whenever his name is mentioned. They swear by his sincerity, challenge his enemies to prove their charges, and declare he is doing more good in the world "than any other dozen ministers alive." No matter where he is conducting a campaign they watch the revival from day to day and their heads are fairly filled with figures and statistics by which they know whether "Billy" is proving more of a success in one town than he did in another; just how certain of his more famous sermons succeeded in winning souls, and the precise condition of health of himself and wife.

In his personal life Mr. Sunday is simple. He has his tastes, his likes and dislikes, but these seldom express themselves in an exaggerated form. He is a good dresser, a moderate eater, an omnivorous reader, and a consistent devotee to outdoor life. De-

spite the extraordinary exertions he makes habitually during his campaign, he enjoys exceptional health.

Walking, driving, motoring, golf, and amateur baseball are among Mr. Sunday's chief outdoor diversions. He cultivates the outdoor life to the extent which his peculiar schedule of activities will permit. He also has some accomplishments as a boxer and keeps himself in excellent shape during campaigns through gymnastic exercises taken under the immediate supervision of a physical trainer.

With the exception of an occasional attack of hay fever he is seldom ill. To combat this insidious malady he frequently spends the summer in the Hood River district of Oregon where he owns a considerable fruit farm.

This fruit farm, which is a hobby of Mr. Sunday's later years, lies in the very shadow of Mt. Hood. Seventy acres of as fine fruit land as lies in the Bitter Root valley comprise this tract, which lies 14 miles removed from the nearest railroad. This farm is not a plaything but an actual business, which is under the supervision of the evangelist's half-brother, Roy Heizer. When Mr. Sunday was receiving special attention on the Pacific coast, Dana Sleeth, a Western newspaper man visited the evangelist at the Hood River ranch, which he describes in the following fashion:

"First you take a train to Hood River, Oregon. Then you take a 'local' train up into the foothills of Mt. Hood.

"Seven miles out you dismount in the dust and hike across a field of oats for the little cottage with the big windmill tank.

"Across the road, under a pine, is a little tent, back of it a tepee made of gunnysacks, alongside a big cement swimming pool, and beyond the forest primeval. There I found Mrs. Sunday, fashionably clad in a blue calico wrapper with a slit in it.

"Out under the pines was Evangelist Billy Sunday conferring with two hired men on the disposal of the newly threshed oats, sacked in the barn, that Billy and Ma had lugged in two days before when the 'help' was away and it looked like rain.

"The day I got back from San Francisco,' interjected Billy, 'I helped a neighbor make hay. The next day we threshed. Saturday I played ball with the Hood River preachers against the bankers and we won, 43 to 12. Sunday I preached at Odell, and today I am packing. We leave tomorrow for Omaha.'

"That is a fair sample of the prophet's vacation.

"'Here is our swimming pool,' said Ma, leading me to a big new cement basin under the giant trees.

"'Fresh mountain water is piped in and the neighbors come for miles. There's a suit in the house if you want to take a dive.'

"I think that public tank under the trees, full of mountain water, free to the countryside, is about the finest bit of home missionary work I have seen; you would, too, if you knew Hood River sand and dust and heat waves, and hunted for miles for a swimming pool.

"Ma and the prophet took me over the 70-acre ranch and we talked pigs, bees, chickens and cows, horses, roasting ears, summer fallow and the apple business.

"The pigs were the fattest, the horses the shiniest, the sheep the tamest, the dog the most benevolent, and the chickens the most industrious I have ever seen. The horses get their 'tub' every night after work, and the pigs get their grooming, too.

"Then we had dinner. The ice water and the peach pie, with clotted cream, remain with me as glorious memories, coupled with the fact that Ma insisted that I eat in my shirt sleeves.

"The youngest Sunday was garbed in a bathing suit and fresh from a water fight with his brother and some neighbors' boys.

"It was just a regular American family, contented, quiet, informal and sincere, and peering over my peach pie at Ma in her blue calico and Billy in his khaki I couldn't imagine either of them having any connection with sawdust trails; emotional campaigns or sin crusades."

Despite his continued outdoor exercises and his extraordinary physical exertion incident to his preaching Mr. Sunday is a light sleeper. Often he spends but four or five hours out of the twenty-four in sleep.

Among any gathering of clergymen he stands out conspicuously as a well-dressed man. It is seldom indeed that he effects the conventional garb of the pulpit and appears rather as a dapper man of business. A careful tailor has contrived to give him the advantage of every inch of his height so that he appears somewhat taller than he is in reality. The physical exercise which is a part of so many of his sermons is necessarily severe on his raiment and this compels him to carry what amounts to a cleaning establishment with him wherever he goes. When occasion demands Mr.

Sunday can press a suit of clothes quite as well as he can deliver a sermon. During a campaign he is frequently obliged to change from head to foot as many as four times a day, and this involves a wardrobe that is quite large. The peculiar loyalty of the man prompts him to have his laundry done at an establishment near his home, so that no matter where he may be preaching, huge bundles of linen go and come from Indiana.

Mr. Sunday's literary activities are carried on for the most part at Winona and sometimes at his fruit ranch in Oregon. The exacting demands on his time during a campaign admit of very little new work. At Winona it is his favorite method to take his Bible and spend the long days beneath the trees reading. He is also fond of books relating to evangelistic and kindred work.

"There are some books I like to read," he says, "I consider the Bible the best of them all. I also think the lives of Peter Cartwright, Charles G. Phinney and John G. Patten are among the greatest of all books. Phinney converted the owner of the New York mills at Utica, New York, and since he campaigned there, the mills have not been in the hands of non-Christian men."

In comparing his sermons for use Mr. Sunday begins by noting various quotations and anecdotes which will illustrate the theme he wishes to handle. Notations of these are made on all sorts of scraps of paper and are then turned over to his secretary who shapes them into memoranda. Gradually the sermon takes form in the preacher's mind and then with a great sheaf of notes in his hand he whips the whole into

something like the form in which it will be used. Seldom if ever, however, are even his famous sermons preached twice exactly alike. He never goes into the pulpit with more than an outline before him. His extraordinary memory permits him to quote lengthy passages verbatim, but on this he does not rely for effect. It is in the infusion of intense personal enthusiasm that the most remarkable results from his discourses come.

In his earlier days Mr. Sunday made no effort to copyright any of his writings. What he considered unwarranted liberties with the text, however, later prompted him to do so, and in recent years he has copyrighted more than thirty of his discourses.

The records of the Library of Congress show the following titles, copyrights of which are in his name:

Amusements. And he said tomorrow. Atonement. Backsliders. Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Get on the water wagon. Great Reward. Home. Hope. How shall we escape? How to succeed. If any man will. If ye love me, keep my commandments. Incarnation. Is it well with thee? Judgment. Little plain talks — Character. Moral leper. Nathan and David. No man cared for my soul. Not far from the Kingdom. Nuts for skeptics to crack. Power of motherhood. Question of the ages. Samson. Three great questions. Three groups. Twenty-third Psalm. Unpardonable sin. What must I do to be saved? What shall the end be?

Title to one other copyright stands in the name of Mr. Sunday, this is for a book entitled "Life and

Labors of Rev. Wm. A. (Billy) Sunday, the Great Modern Evangelist; With Selected Sermons." It was copyrighted in the year 1908 by S. T. Herman and E. E. Poole, of Decatur, Illinois, and published by a printing establishment in Chicago.

The only feature of the book, which properly can be considered a life, are four pages of introduction. In the first paragraph of this introduction there are no less than five errors in fact, other portions of the meager outline are more or less at variance with actual conditions, although there is nothing to indicate any greater offense than carelessness.

The bulk of the 360 pages is taken up with reproductions of sermons. The readers of the book, if there be any, would have recognized whole pages of familiar expressions which he had heard in the tabernacle. The evangelist, however, more intimately familiar with the construction of all his works, finds that a number of his sermons were ruthlessly joined together and the entire continuity of thought disturbed.

Mr. Sunday, therefore, made it his business, at a considerable outlay in cash, to secure both the copyright and the plates of the book, which he destroyed and effectively prevented any further issue. Copies are extremely rare and indeed none are known to exist outside of the Library of Congress. Thus ended the first attempt to put in book form the doings of the evangelist.

In recent years since visiting the larger cities and coming under the eye of men whose business is letters, it has become quite the fashion to issue a book of some sort on the life and work of the evangelist.

His public career has brought to Mr. Sunday a number of offers to embark in educational work of one sort and another. These he has steadily refused even when they came in the attractive form of the head of a department of an institution like the University of the Southwest at Dallas, Texas, an institution with millions behind it and backed by the Methodist Episcopal church. Chautauquas and lecture bureaus have offered him almost unbelievable sums, but they have been regularly refused. When Mr. Sunday does deliver an address or a series of addresses outside of his regular campaign his practice is to donate his services and to accept no other fee than his traveling expenses to and from the place where he may be heard.

Since the motion picture industry has become such an institution in American life its representatives have been most insistent in their effort to get Mr. Sunday to permit himself to be filmed. This he has steadily refused to do, although offers are reported to have gone as high as the sum of \$1,000,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Sunday have been blessed with four children, one girl and three boys. Helen, the oldest, born in 1891, is now Mrs. Mark P. Haines; George, born in 1894, is also married, his wife was Miss Harriet Mason; William Jr. who perpetuates the name of his father, was born in 1902, and Paul, the only one to receive a Bible designation, was born in 1908. Paul was named after the evangelist's favorite apostle.

Since the Sunday organization has grown to such large proportions and the management of its details involve an outlay and demand an attention equivalent to many large businesses, this feature of the campaign has been taken over by George Sunday, who alone

of the children is constantly with the evangelist. While he always remains with the party for the major portion of the campaign he makes trips ahead to the next location, confers with local leaders, sees that the proper arrangements are made, and in a general way acts as a personal advance representative.

A great many workers in the vineyard of Christian activity prefer to stress the phrase from Holy Writ that "money is the root of all evil" rather than the one of equal authority to the effect that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Out of this peculiarity of human nature has grown a remarkable, almost vitriolic disquisition about the propriety and practice of Mr. Sunday receiving large free will offerings as a result of his campaigning throughout the United States.

Mr. Sunday himself has taken the attitude that what he gets voluntarily from the people for his services and what he does with that money is no one's business and he quotes, not without reason, the statement that artists like Melba and Caruso receive \$3,000 and \$4,000 a night for their services and no one questions their right to it; that a circus will come to a community and as a result of a day or two take from it more money than an entire evangelistic campaign. Mr. Sunday points out that this also is without public protest. Yet members even of his own calling have been liberal in their criticism in view of the fact that since 1915 Mr. Sunday's annual income has been close to \$200,000.

There is a great deal of comment and a wide difference of opinion as to the actual financial status of Mr. Sunday. Among persons most likely to be well

informed it is generally believed that he should be rated at something like \$500,000. It is a fact, however, that the recognized commercial agencies give him no rating at all beyond stating that his credit is A-1.

If Mr. Sunday would have a large interest in any one line of securities or any one class of operations, his income might not be a matter of such habitual gossip.

For many years Mr. Sunday has been advised by a medical fraternity that his extraordinary activity constituted a menace to his health and must certainly cut short the years of his probable usefulness. To this his reply has been that he would rather "wear out than rust out." It has, however, served to make him throw what protection was possible about himself for the sake of his family. This has taken the shape of generous life insurance, which in itself entails a very considerable annual outlay. Mr. Sunday also has some real estate holdings including the already mentioned home at Winona Lake, the fruit farm in Oregon, and some rental property in Chicago. It is a popular belief that he also has accounts in banks scattered throughout the United States.

None of these things, or all of them taken together, however, would satisfactorily account for the distribution of the large sums which have come into his hands in recent years. A very large proportion goes to a great variety of benevolences. Just how large is this sum no one knows, for Mr. Sunday insists that his charities, like his personal business, are not legitimately the affair or concern of the general public. When Mr. Sunday gives, he gives generously

and his benevolences are scattered over the entire country and to the relief of all manner and kinds of suffering. More than one widow can tell the story of a canceled mortgage, more than one old friend or former associate doomed to weeks of pain in a hospital has had the expenses met and the suffering alleviated through the generous but unheralded dispensation of the evangelist.

Out of the volunteer offering which is given him at the conclusion of each campaign Mr. Sunday pays one-half of the expenses of his associates. Roughly, this aggregates 10 per cent of the gross, as a rule. Of his annual income he follows the Biblical injunction of giving one-tenth to church and benevolent work. This, however, by no means covers the charitable contributions which have been indicated herein. These are over and above the tithing fund which he maintains.

Making the fullest allowance for all these outgoes it must still remain as a probable truth that Mr. Sunday is the most prosperous divine of modern times—at least the wealthiest—through his own exertions.

Anyone who has had even the slightest connection with a Sunday campaign knows that the evangelist makes no direct effort to affect the amount of this offering. Various attacks have been made both against the system and the amounts it produced. Yet the fact must remain that its very financial success is one of the things which challenges attention and which makes the campaign a matter of far more than local interest wherever it is being conducted. It furnishes also definite evidence of the truth which Mr. Sunday preaches, to the effect that the American people are perfectly willing to support religious activity

providing it is put to them on a sound, whole hearted basis by men with red blood in their veins and expressed in terms which the common people can understand.

CHAPTER XV

Fighting the Liquor Evil

THERE is a certain distinction in being a pioneer. There is a certain distinction in being an advocate of a popular and successful reform movement. To be a pioneer in the campaign against liquor is not in the nature of things possible to any person of the present generation. To become a disciple of reform is coming to be a popular pastime among political leaders. But long before the dry reform began to be popular Billy Sunday had made it his own and preached it in season and out of season.

With increasing frequency he has been part of the state-wide campaigns which, beginning in 1905, have been increasingly numerous and popular. At least three states in the dry column credit him with a very large measure of the success which attended their efforts to rid themselves of the saloon. These states are West Virginia, Colorado and Michigan. Mr. Sunday, however, has not confined himself to efforts against the saloon in places where his activity was likely to meet with success. Even in the greatest strongholds of the liquor organization he has lifted up his voice and there with most peculiar fearlessness where the chances of success seemed to be smallest.

Pittsburgh and Baltimore are notable examples of this. That Detroit, long the stronghold of the liquor element in Michigan, should have been carried by the

liquor forces by the very narrow margin of 3,000 votes, which was entirely wiped out by the rest of the state, was attributed almost entirely to the campaign which Mr. Sunday was conducting there at the same time that the fight was in progress.

Making side excursions incidental to the main campaign is not an infrequent occurrence with Mr. Sunday, but oftener than any one actuating motive is a desire to assist the general cause of prohibition. In West Virginia, in Michigan, in Colorado, in Ohio, in Massachusetts and in many other states he has made special trips, often requiring the better portion of 24 hours, on the only day of rest he allows himself in the week, in order that he might speak in behalf of the dry cause at some point remote from the scene of his evangelical work.

The evangelist has at his fingers' ends an incalculable array of facts and statistics concerning the liquor industry. These are crowded into his famous sermon entitled "Booze" or "Get on the Water Wagon." Probably no single sermon in any preacher's career has been so frequently repeated, so widely read and circulated, and so generally made the subject of comment. Upon occasions Mr. Sunday has preached this sermon, which requires about an hour and a half for its delivery, three times in the same day. As many as 50,000 people have heard it between daylight and dark. It is the sermon most frequently demanded of him when he goes out to do campaigning in any state. In pamphlet form it has been sold by the tens of thousands for many years.

While Mr. Sunday opposes the liquor traffic because he believes it morally reprehensible he does not

confine his arguments against it to moral aspects alone. The economic losses incident to alcoholism, the social diseases and evils which follow in the wake of the licensed saloon, are all crammed into his arguments and so tellingly delivered that a single presentation of it has been credited with changing hundreds of votes.

In all of his fights against the liquor traffic Mr. Sunday has shown himself a good campaigner for, in the nature of things, he has striven often in places where victory was not to be expected. Boston was a case in point, and yet the Boston campaign is given the credit for putting into the dry column several of the smaller cities of Massachusetts which were influenced by that campaign. Experienced dry campaigners place Rev. Mr. Sunday and former Secretary William Jennings Bryan side by side as the two greatest apostles of temperance of the present generation.

Experience has shown that campaigns against the saloon are not won by evangelistic methods alone. On the other hand, experience has shown that the greatest success uniformly attends efforts where the conscience of a community has been aroused by religious activity prior to the installation of the particular machinery of political organization, through which alone it has been possible in recent years to change the complexion of political units from wet to dry.

The compass of this work will not permit even an outline of the famous "booze" sermon. It must suffice to reproduce a few of the most telling paragraphs, clad in their original vesture of graphic, pungent, native American phraseology :

"There will be so many church members in hell for voting in favor of the saloon that their feet will be sticking out the windows.

"If to kill the saloon would mean to kill business, then I say, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

"I hope in the wise providence of God that I may be permitted to preach the funeral service over the liquor traffic.

"You might as well try to run a powder mill in hell as to regulate the liquor business with high license.

"If the church isn't against the saloon, then to hell with the church; and if the preachers and priests are not against the saloon, then to hell with them.

"I claim the distinction of being the only man in America who has been able to make the liquor people quote Scripture.

"Whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend.

"I'm going to fight 'em all my life, and before the undertaker comes around to fill my carcass full of embalming fluid and screw down the casket lid, I think I shall call my wife and say, 'Nell, when I'm gone, I want you to call in the butcher and the tanner and have them strip the skin from my body and tan it into leather and make drumheads out of it, and I want men to go up and down the land, beating these drums, saying, 'Billy Sunday still lives and gives the demon rum the greatest run of its life.'"

"Whisky is all right in its place, but its place is in hell, and I want to see everyone line up and put it in its place as soon as possible. Seventy-five per cent of the idiots come from intemperate parents, 80 per cent of all our crime is due to booze, 90 per cent

of all the murders are committed under the influence of liquor.

"The Democrats drove it out in the South, the Republicans are driving it out in the North. If you've got a scintilla of decency about you, you've got to line up against it. The liquor traffic is worse than war, it is worse than pestilence, it is the mother of all crime.

"I don't give three whoops in hell for the man who champions it. He ought to be arrested for going around disguised as a man. He is so low down that he has to reach up to touch bottom. Who foots the bill for the cost of this damnable, hell-born business? The common people, the working men. Who gets the profits? The brewers, the distillers, who feed, fatten and gorman-dize on the misery of man. The saloon comes as near being a rat hole where men can dump their money and their manhood, as anything in the world.

"The federal revenue from the liquor business is 27 cents per capita. I say we are a cheap skate gang, if we'll let them buy us and damn us body and soul for a hair cut and a postage stamp. If you close every saloon, brewery, booze shop and grog joint on God's green earth, it wouldn't affect the price of corn 2 cents on the bushel. If the saloon business isn't wrong, there is nothing on earth or in hell that is wrong.

"There are 12,000 saloon keepers in New York City and 8,000 of these have criminal records. Mr. Legislator, don't you feel proud when you vote for a dirty, rotten business like that?

"You've seen these boom editions that the magazines and newspapers print. They tell all about the commercial resources and

advantages of a city, but they never call attention to the fact that it is a whisky town.

"All this talk about the tariff and reciprocity is all right, but the booze question is the greatest. Do you know that there is dumped into the whisky hole in seven months as much money as it takes to run the whole United States government for an entire year? The man who sells whisky is a worse citizen than the murderer or the thief.

"The thief takes your money, the saloon takes your character; the murderer kills your body, the saloon damns your soul and blights your posterity. If we could vote the saloon out tomorrow, it would take 50 years to get rid of the cripples, degenerates, perverts and physical wrecks it has strewn over the country.

"They say all they want is 'personal liberty.' Personal liberty is all the tiger in the jungle wants, it is all the anarchist wants, it is all the thief wants. Has liberty fallen so low that I've got to go nosing around among breweries and booze joints to find it? Personal liberty shot down Lincoln, murdered Garfield and struck down the sainted McKinley. I say to hell with personal liberty.

"I'm a rube of the rubes, a hayseed of the hayseeds. I crawled through sewers of experience and went through the college of hard knocks. I say give the farmer a chance. If the farmer has no right to vote on the city-option question, then you have no right to tax him to take care of the crime that the saloon produces. Gambling houses and brothels are so closely allied to the saloon that when you drive out the one the others have to go too.

"You talk about regulating by high license. You might as well talk about regulating a powder mill in hell. I talk to you for an hour, and in that time 12 men have filled drunkards' graves.

"There are enough drunkards' orphans to stretch, hand to hand, five times around this world. Wipe out the saloons, and I'll show you the biggest revival of business the world has ever seen.

"The difference between the high-class saloon and the low-down saloon is the one smells bad and the other stinks.

"Listen to me. I serve notice on you, on your legislature, on your senators and congressmen in Washington, on the State Liquor Dealers' Association, on the National Liquor Dealers' Association, on all the dirty, infamous gang who live but to slander me, I serve this notice: Damn your God-forsaken black hearts and white livers, you won't take an American boy and make a drunkard out of him unless you go over my dead carcass!"

CHAPTER XVI

Incidents, Episodes and Anecdotes

MANY incidents of the life and work of Rev. W. A. Sunday are of interest and worthy of preservation, without having any essential connection with his life's history. These have been culled and set down, for the pleasure of the admirers of the evangelist. Whenever possible the authority has been cited.

There are also appended a number of quotations and excerpts from his sermons, which have had an unusual vogue in the newspapers. No attempt has been made to give these their original setting. They are given here for convenient reference in a permanent form.

GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON AND MR. SUNDAY

When Evangelist Billy Sunday and Governor Harmon exchanged greetings in the latter's office Saturday two things of similarity in their lives developed about which they could swap pleasantries.

"Your father was a preacher and so was mine," said Uncle Jud. Whereupon they shook on the fact.

Then Governor Harmon held up his right hand, exhibited a gnarled and bent digit and smilingly said, "and we're pals when it comes to the diamond, too. You know I used to play baseball and there's a finger I had broken in a game."

Billy then displayed both hands, neither one evidencing any scars of the diamond. "Nope, I haven't any," he said. "I used to be pretty lucky on the diamond and never managed to get my fingers in the way of the ball." — *Columbus Citizen*.

GOVERNOR TENER'S OPINION

Asked what he thought of Billy Sunday, Gov. Tener, of Pennsylvania, who played ball against him back in the nineties, made answer in this semi-soliloquy and semi-quiz fashion: "Wouldn't he make a dandy in politics?"

Those who know something of politics and who have heard Sunday quite agree with Pennsylvania's chief executive.—*Steubenville Gazette*.

GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX TALKS

"Billy Sunday's success in this city ought not to be surprising. The man has a wonderful personality. He has a splendid organization. He has the right side of the argument. He is simply bound to succeed at anything he undertakes and we are all fortunate that he has undertaken to help men to lead better lives by inducing them to embrace religion." — *Columbus Dispatch*.

FAMOUS WAGON MAKER A FRIEND

"Hello, Clem."

"Howdy, Bill!"

That's all that could be heard of a conversation between Clement Studebaker, jr., of South Bend, and Billy Sunday just before he began his evening sermon in the tabernacle last night.

It was a reunion of old college chums for the two men were classmates at Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1888 and 1889 and have had no opportunity to get together in years.

Meeting Mr. Studebaker again, and talking of old times together, was one of Mr. Sunday's desires as soon as he decided he would come to South Bend.

While his old classmate pleaded for the cause of revivals in probably the most eloquent sermon he has delivered thus far, Mr. Studebaker sat with members of the Sunday party just behind the evangelist. J. M. Studebaker, sr., who has known Sunday for a number of years, sat with the other Mr. Studebaker, also as a guest of the Sunday party.—*South Bend Tribune*.

PREACHER AND PRIZE FIGHTER MEET

"Battling Nelson is the whitest pug in the business," said Evangelist Billy Sunday Monday.

"I never met Bat until yesterday. He strikes me as a mighty fine fellow and I was awfully glad to see him at the meeting Sunday night. He tells me he does not drink, smoke or chew, and I consider him one of the straightest men in the fighting line."

"Billy's great," exclaimed Battling Nelson Sunday night during the evangelist's sermon. "He ain't afraid to say what he thinks and I like him for it. I really have no religion myself except that of doing what I think is right, and I sometimes believe that is the best kind of religion; better anyway than that of some of these religious fanatics."—*Columbus Citizen*.

AT GOVERNOR'S INAUGURAL RECEPTION

Billy Sunday attended the governor's reception at the State House Monday evening. It was at first rumored that the evangelist, who had frowned on the inaugural ball, would not attend the reception, but at about 8:30 he appeared, accompanied by Mrs. Sunday and B. D. Ackley and went down the receiving line.

Before they reached the senate chamber, however, Billy became lost in the "wilds" of the State House and had to be accompanied by an usher. He and Mrs. Sunday awaited their turn in the great crowd that was waiting to go "down the line." The man next to the governor did not recognize Billy when he came along, asked him his name and then presented him to the governor, as "Mr. Saunders." But the governor recognized him. "*Well, well,*" he said putting out his hand, "*I'm glad to see you. You're coming down to see me before you leave, aren't you?*"

"*You bet,*" said Billy.

Before the reception Sunday had ridden in the inaugural parade and attended the formal 6 o'clock dinner at the Ohio club.

This dinner, although brief, was one of the happiest events of the day. "Billy" Sunday turned his wine glass upside down and asked the blessing before the "eats."

"We beseech Thee to bless Governor Cox and the state officials who today took hold of the guiding reins of the state government," Sunday prayed, "and we thank Thee that today when Governor Cox took the oath of office his hand rested on the old family Bible, in which is recorded the names of children and which is probably stained with the tears of his old mother,

who has read and pondered over its pages and who taught the family to love and revere the Christ which it reveals."—*Columbus Citizen*.

WHY SUNDAY USES SLANG

During one of his sermons yesterday Sunday halted long enough to tell the people why he likes to use slang expressions.

"I like good old Anglo-Saxon words," said the evangelist. "They mean more and have more power behind them. If I should come here and say you were prevaricators and evaders of the truth instead of calling you the liars that some of you are, it would make no more impression than water on a duck's back. Slang gets the thing in a nut-shell and makes it easy for the people to understand. Preachers would get along much better if they used words of a plainer type so that the ordinary class would know what they are talking about." — *Columbus Dispatch*.

WHAT CONVERTS COST

That he is paid less proportionately than any other evangelist was the statement of Billy Sunday, Friday evening.

"Considering the number of converts and the aggregate amount of current expenses of the churches for the year," said he, "it costs \$2,000 to convert one soul in New York, \$465 in Boston, \$445 in Denver, \$425 in Chicago, \$78 in New Orleans and \$75 in Atlanta.

"Why less in the South? Listen, and I'll tell you, Why did it take 60,000,000 people in the North four

years to whip 8,000,000 in the South? Because the North was fighting true American blood. That's why it is less in the South. The truest blood is south of the Mason-Dixon line.

"In spite of all these high figures, you kick about what I get. What I'm paid for my work makes it only about \$2 a soul, and I get less proportionately for the number I convert, than any other living evangelist."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SUNDAY ON TROUBLES

There is no back but what has its burden, there's no heart but what has its sorrow.

Trouble is the common lot of all.

There is no one on God's earth that I pity more than the parents of a willful son or daughter.

The greatest trouble results from sin.

Trouble makes all poor. All are helpless before trouble.

Standing still in sin is as impossible as standing still in fire.

If you want to read true religious experience read the Psalms.

When a man cries you know he is in great trouble.

There is no impossibility with God.

There are not enough devils in hell or on earth in or out of church to stop God's work.

Religious conditions are in a deplorable condition and don't you forget it.

A man in sin is always in the mire and sinking deeper.

It is a thousand times easier to lead a Christian life than to live in sin.

God's way is made for man and man is made for God. The devil's road is mire.

SUNDAY'S VIEWS ON DIVORCE

Billy Sunday is an arch enemy of divorce and incidentally he pays a high compliment to the Catholic church. In his Sunday night sermon he said: "Christ says, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The world says: 'we'll divorce you and then we'll marry some other woman and we won't sin.' (The evangelist clenched his fist), You lie!

The only scriptural excuse for divorce is adultery. When it comes to the divorce question, I'm a Roman Catholic from the top of my head to the sole of my feet."

To Sunday's former home in Chicago a dapper young man once came, "dressed fit to kill," and presented a bride and a marriage license.

"Have either of you been married?" Sunday asked. "I have," said the man caressing his silk hat and adjusting a diamond shirt stud as big as a hickory nut.

"Is your wife alive?" the evangelist then inquired, and the man returned "Yes."

"Beat it you lobster," was the Sunday ultimatum.

"What's that?" returned the other, much surprised.

"Good night," said the preacher.

"But I have a license," argued the would-be-bridegroom.

"Yes," said Billy, "there are some things legally right that are morally wrong."

PRAYER TO THE PASSING YEAR

"Well, Old Year, good-bye," began Billy Sunday's prayer New Year's eve at the tabernacle. "We hate to say the words, because it is like saying fare-well to an old friend. But we bid you good-bye. You have been good to us, Old Year. You have given us days of sunshine; some were splashed with rain. Some were light with laughter; others heavy with grief. Sometimes our faces were wreathed with smiles; sometimes they were bathed with tears. You've left some empty chairs by the fireside, Old Year. You've been unkind to some of us. There are clothes in some of our closets that some little form will never wear again. There are some people who would give all they have in the world if a little form could toddle through the door again and cuddle-doo. Oh, Lord, if you have any sorrow in store for my family, defer it as long as you can.

"But good-bye, Old Year. Wait there, little fellow around the corner because the old fellow with the beard cannot be with us long. There are thousands and tens of thousands of people all over this land who will wake up with clean hearts and new resolutions in 1913 that when 1912 came in hated God and all that is good.

"God, if you'll let me live until tomorrow I'll try to be a better preacher. I'll try to hate you more, devil, and you know it. Devil, I'll fight you more than

ever before. You saved my poor miserable soul 26 years ago and you put a new song in my mouth. For 26 years I haven't hit the booze; for 26 years I haven't cursed; for 26 years I've been true; for 26 years I haven't darkened the door of a theatre except to preach the Gospel; for 26 years I haven't gone to a cheap-skate leg show to look through a pair of glasses at women who don't have enough clothes on to flag a hand car.

"Here's a great bunch of preachers over here," he said, turning over to the corner where the pastors and their families sat, "Lord, bless them. And back here is a choir. Oh, Lord if you have one up in glory that will beat that, you'll have to go some. Bless all of them. And Lord, bless the newspapers and the boys some of whom I've known in other towns. Bless the *State Journal* and that man who has written those magnificent accounts and the man who draws those cartoons on the front page. And bless the *Citizen* and Mr. Busey whom I have known in other meetings. And bless *The Dispatch*—who's that fellow who's been writing for them?—bless Mr. Sheridan.

"Hear us and help us. Good-bye, Old Year. Lead us and guide us, for Jesus' sake."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SUNDAY'S POEM OF FAREWELL.

"How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly,
As the days, weeks and months move silently by;
"Our days are soon numbered, death sounds our
knell,
We scarcely know our friends 'till we bid them
farewell.

To you fellow-Christians, I turn with delight,
 The grave cannot harm you, your future is bright;
 Be faithful, be earnest, temptations repel,
 And you'll soon bid this world a smiling farewell.

Farewell, fellow-sinners, I'm free from your blood,
 My message delivered, I leave you with God.
 I've pleaded, I've entreated, but I could not com-
 pel,
 And 'till the Judgment day breaketh, I bid you
 farewell."

SUNDAY FAVORS WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Woman suffragists ought to like Billy Sunday.

"Do you favor woman suffrage?" he was asked the other day.

"Why not?" he hurled at the reporter just as though the latter were an "anti."

"I don't know," murmured the representative of the press in a tone measured to encourage Mr. Sunday to a further discussion of the subject. And Mr. Sunday was quite willing to talk about it.

There are 6,000,000 women and girls working for a livelihood in this country, he statistically declared to the reporter.

He urged that the working woman fills an important place in the industrial and business life of the country. "Take them out of the offices, mills, factories and stores, and you'll miss them quickly enough." These 6,000,000 women so engaged were advanced as one of Mr. Sunday's reasons for granting the franchise to women.—*South Bend Tribune.*

SUNDAY'S SERMON TO WOMEN ONLY

There are married women who shrink from maternity, not because of ill health, but simply because they love ease and fine garments, and hanker to flit like butterflies at some fool social function.

Malpractors should be treated the same as any other class of murderers.

There isn't an angel in heaven who wouldn't be tickled to death to come down to earth and be honored with motherhood.

No wonder the men go to their clubs, with these women bumming around bridge parties, gadding and fondling pet dogs. No man wants to play second fiddle to a bow-legged bull pup. You may bet your sweet life I wouldn't.

Many girls who marry are not actuated by the noblest of human motives but are simply seeking a good time, and are willing to pay the price.

You mothers are fools to force your daughters to marry some old lobster simply because he has money, and when he dies your girl will be able to ride in a buzz wagon instead of hot-footing it. You're fools.

Some mothers will find that it would have been far easier to have buried their girls than to have married them to some damnable, cigaret-smoking, cursing libertine.

The devil and the women can damn the world.

If a God-fearing man marries a God-fearing woman they will have God-fearing children.

I tell you, the virtue of womanhood is the rampart of civilization. You break that down and you pave the way to hell.

There are 60,000 girls ruined in America every year. A man caught dealing in white slavery should be shot on the spot.

Society has just about put maternity out of business. And when you stop to consider the average society woman, I do not think that maternity has lost anything.

Look at the girls on the auction block daily. Look at the awful battle the average stenographer and the average clerk has to fight. You cannot wear fine clothes daily on six dollars a week and be on the square as much as you are, without having people suspicious.

SUNDAY'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE BIBLE

Twenty odd years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered at the portico of Genesis and went into the art gallery of the Old Testament where, on the wall, hung the pictures of Enoch, Noah, Jacob, Abraham, Elijah, David, Daniel, and other famous prophets of old. Then I passed into the Music Room of the Psalms where the Spirit swept the keyboard of my nature and brought forth the dirgelike wail of the Weeping Prophet, Jeremiah, to the grand exultant strain of the 24th Psalm and where every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature seemed to respond to the tuneful harp of David as he played for King Saul in his melancholy moods. Next I passed into the business office of Proverbs, and into the Chapel of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the Preacher was heard; then over into the conservatory of the Songs of Solomon where the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon and the sweet-scented spices perfumed my

life. Then I stepped into the prophetic room and saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far off stars or events and others to nearby stars, but all concentrated upon the bright and Morning Star which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea while the Shepherds guarded their flocks by night. From there I passed into the audience room and caught a vision of the King from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I then went into the Acts of the Apostles where the Holy Spirit was doing His office work in the formation of the Infant Church. From there I went to the correspondence room where Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, James and Jude sat at their desks, penning their epistles to the church. Then I passed last of all to the throne of Revelation and saw the King sitting high upon His throne where I fell at his feet and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

SUNDAY ON AMUSEMENTS

The theater, as conducted today, is one of the rottenest institutions outside of hell.

The dance is the moral graveyard of many innocent girls.

Passion is the basis of the popularity of the dance.

If you make women dance by themselves and men with the men the dance would stop in two weeks.

The gambler played his first game in a church member's home.

Three-fourths of the girls who are ruined in New York each got their downfall in the dance.

The dance is not an innocent amusement. It sends thousands of girls to their downfall.

A dancing church member is not a soul winner member.

The dance permits and allows freedom that will be such as to allow divorce anywhere else.

If it wasn't for the church members there would not be a saloon in existence today.

The church bars are so low down that most any old hog with three suits and a bank account can get inside.

I would rather be a chambermaid in a livery stable than a caller for a dance.

Card playing is the most insidious contribution to vice in the world today.

Cards and the dance are doing more to stifle the spiritual life of the church than do the saloons.

I have more respect for a hog who gambles in Monte Carlo than for a woman who plays for a prize in her home.

I don't think much of a preacher who condemns the police for not stopping gambling and yet don't say anything against card playing in the homes.

There is more damnation in the average club than in any other public institution I know.

The Christian homes are often the kindergarten of gambling hells.

No man believes more in amusement than I do but I like that which recreates and does not tear down right inclinations.

There is as much difference between a game of cards and authors as there is between hell and heaven.

SUNDAY'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

"Some years ago, after I had been romping and playing with the children," he said, "I grew tired and lay down, and half awake and half asleep, I had a dream.

"I dreamed I was in a far off land; it was not Persia, but all the glitter and gaudy raiment was there; it was not India, although her coral strands were there; it was not Ceylon, although all the beauties of that island of paradise were there; it was not Italy, although the soft dreamy haze of the blue Italian skies shone above me. I looked for weeds and briars, thorns and thistles and brambles and found none. I saw the sun in all its regal splendor and I said to the people: 'When will the sun set and it grow dark?' They all laughed and said: 'It never grows dark in this land; there is no night here.' I looked at the people, their faces wreathed in a simple halo of glory, attired in holiday clothing. I said: 'When will the working men go by clad in overalls? And where are the brawny men who work and toil over the anvil?' They said: 'We toil not, neither do we spin; there remaineth a rest for the people of God.'

"I strolled out in the suburbs. I said: 'Where are the graveyards, the grave diggers? Where do you bury your dead?' They said: 'We never die here.'

"I looked out and saw the towers and spires: I looked at them, but I did not see any tombstones, mausoleums, nor green nor flower-covered graves. I said: 'Where, where, are the hearses that carry your dead? Where are the undertakers that embalm the dead?' They said: 'We never die in this land.' I

said: 'Where are hospitals where they take the sick? Where are the surgeons that come with scalpel and knife? Where is the minister, and where are the nurses to give the gentle touch, the panacea?' They said: 'We never grow sick in this land.' I said: 'Where are the houses of want and squalor? Where live the poor?' They said: 'There is no penury; none die here; none ever cry for bread in this land.' I was bewildered. I strolled along and heard the ripple of the waters as the waves broke against the jeweled beach. I saw boats with oars tipped with silver, bow of pure gold. I saw multitudes that no man could number. We all jumped down through the violets and varicolored flowers, the air pulsing with bird song, and I cried: 'Are—all—here?' And they echoed back: 'All—are—here.'

"And we went leaping and shouting and vied with tower and spire, and they all caroled and sung my welcome, and we all bounded and leaped and shouted with glee: 'Home—Home—Home.'"

SUNDAY'S ESTIMATE OF SOLOMON.

Solomon, according to Sunday, was a millionaire baby, born with a golden diamond-plated spoon in his mouth, who developed into a thirty-third degree sport—having taken all the regular degrees and invented a few of his own. He was surrounded by high-brow courtiers until he drank dry the well of knowledge and pulled out the pump. Even as a kid he was so precocious that he exhausted the curriculum and gave his teachers nervous headaches. And after he had finished his schooling he cut loose on sport until he

made a good world series ball fan look like a clothing store dummy.

He drove his diamond-studded chariot so fast that he would have dusted the eyes of Barney Oldfield. He set the bleachers crazy as he galloped by. And as a side line he started into the matrimonial market and with his 700 wives and 300 concubines made Brigham Young look like a dirty deuce.

Taking to wine, he hit the booze as it has never since been hit. He had all the grapes of his kingdom crushed into a great lake of wine, millions of gallons. He took up architecture as a side line, and built his temple 30 times as large as the tabernacle. He had so much gold dumped at his feet every year that he could have bought and sold Columbus a few times and never missed it. He was no bum panhandling for a hand-out or mooching for a flapjack. Not on your life. He had so much coin that R. G. Dun or Bradstreet would have needed new rating symbols. After running the extreme gamut of human pleasure he found he needed something else. "What profit has a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun," he wrote.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

BIBLE VERSION

5. And the people spake against God and against Moses. Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6. And the Lord sent fiery

SUNDAY'S VERSION

The Jews were in Egyptian bondage for years. God said He would release them, but He hadn't come. But God never forgets. So he came and chose Moses to lead them, and when Moses got them out in the wilderness they began to knock and said,

serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

7. Therefore the people came to Moses and said. We have sinned for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

"Who is this Moses anyway, we don't know him. Were there not enough graves in Egypt?" and they said they didn't like the white bread they were getting and wanted the onions and the leeks and garlic and melons of Egypt, and they found fault and God sent the serpents and was going to kill them all, but Moses interceded and said, "Now see here, God." But the Lord said, "Get out of the way, Moses, and let me kill them all." But Moses said, "Hold on there, Lord. That bunch would have the laugh on You if You did that. They'd say You brought them out here and the commissary stores ran out and You couldn't feed them, so You just killed them all." So God said, "All right, for your sake, Moses, I won't," and He said, "Moses you go and set up a brazen serpent in the wilderness and that will be the one thing that will save them if they are bitten. They must look or die."

PARAPHRASE OF FEEDING THE MULTITUDES

SUNDAY'S VERSION

"When the disciples saw the great crowd gathered to see Jesus and saw they were

MATTHEW'S VERSION

"And when it was evening His disciples came to Him, saying: This is a desert place,

hungry they were scared silly. Finally they went to Jesus with their trouble and said, "Lord, send them away. We can't feed them all." But Jesus told Philip to feed them.

That was too much for poor, old, practical Philip. "Why, we haven't anything to feed them with," he informed Jesus. "Two hundred penny worth of bread wouldn't feed all that hungry crowd."

But Jesus looked around and spied a little boy whose ma had given him five biscuits and a couple of sardines for his lunch, and said to him, "Come here, son, the Lord wants you." Then He told the lad what He wanted, and the boy said, "It isn't much, Jesus, but what there is you're mighty welcome to it!"

So Jesus took the biscuits and the sardines and fed that whole bunch and they all had all they wanted, and after they got through the disciples went around and picked up twelve basketsful of the fragments.

Then the evangelist pointed the moral, "You can't all be Peters and James and Johns, but you can all be barley loaves and fishes for God."

and the time is now past; send the multitude away that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

"But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat.

"And they said unto Him, We have here but five loaves and two fishes.

"He said, Bring them hither to Me.

"And He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looked up to heaven. He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

"And they all did eat and were filled and they took up the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.

"And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children.

SUNDAY'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE

"At the beginning of the civil war General Robert E. Lee said to General Scott that he was a Union man at heart, but that his native state of Virginia had seceded and that as a loyal son he felt he must cast his fortunes with the Confederacy. As the war proceeded, Lee saw the bright hopes of the Confederacy fade, saw its government overturned and broken at his feet. When the end came he was a prematurely old man, his health fled, his fortune gone, his property at Arlington confiscated. At that time of despair there came to him the officers of the Louisiana Lottery company, offering to make him its president.

"'But, gentlemen,' he said, 'I don't know anything about the lottery business.'

"'That makes no difference,' they said, 'we do. We want the use of your name, and we will give you \$10,000 a year.'

"General Lee buttoned his coat over his sunken breast, brushed back his gray hair from his forehead, and said: 'Gentlemen, my good name and self-respect are all that is saved from the wreck, and they are not for sale. You cannot buy Robert E. Lee.'

"My father was a Union soldier. I am a loyal American, but I say that Robert E. Lee was one of the noblest Christian characters this country has ever produced, and that Stonewall Jackson was another."

SUNDAY'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

The Angels said, "let us hide Abraham Lincoln where the world will never find him," and they hid his big, kind, generous, humanitarian, sympathetic,

God-fearing soul in that long, lean, lank, homely, gaunt, ungainly body. They bronzed his cheeks until he looked like an Indian. They hardened his hands with toil. For employment they gave him common work, the poling a flatboat on the Ohio river and clerking in a country store.

But, while drifting down the stream, he was solving problems that would help him up the stream. And while clerking in the country store he was learning whole chapters from the book of human experience which became golden rounds in the ladder of fame up which he climbed to the top.

For parents, they gave him common people whose names were unknown five miles away; for a home, a log cabin in the wilderness. The battle would grow hard. He would grit his teeth, buckle up his yarn galluses a little tighter and determine that he would be somebody, anyway. He would spread the ashes thin on the dirt floor of his log cabin home and, with a hickory log in the fireplace for a light and a hickory stick for a pencil, he solved problems from Euclid and read the life of Washington and other great men.

Finally, the angels could keep him hid no longer, so one morning this old sleepy, dreamy, drowsy world rolled out of bed, rubbed her eyes and started on a still hunt for a great man. She struck a new scent and a new trail that led out through the woods into the wilderness and up a hill to a log cabin. She rapped at the door and Lincoln arose—so big, so high, so tall that the logs rolled down the roof and fell off and he stepped forth—a giant among men. Fame has placed him upon a pinnacle so lofty that he looks down upon all who attempt to reach his side.

BILLY MEETS TEDDY

Three hundred and fifty men rose from their seats in the colonial banquet hall in the Hotel Muehlebach and cheered and shouted when Colonel Roosevelt appeared at 12:35 o'clock this afternoon with Billy Sunday. Sunday had spent half an hour with the colonel in the latter's suite. They smiled and acknowledged the cheers as they were escorted to seats at a table in the center of the room.

At Roosevelt's right Sunday was seated, and at the right of Sunday was Dr. Burriss A. Jenkins, pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church. Charles R. Butler sat at Mr. Roosevelt's left. The invocation was spoken by Doctor Jenkins.

Billy Sunday's appearance at the state suite at noon brought a warm welcome from Colonel Roosevelt.

Roosevelt himself hurried to the door as soon as Sunday was announced.

"By George, I am glad to see you, Billy," exclaimed the ex-President in a hearty greeting. Both men smiled and shook hands vigorously. The colonel led his visitor into the room, one of the Roosevelt arms on the evangelist's shoulders. — *Kansas City Star*, May 30, 1916.

A RELIGION OF SUNSHINE.

It's a happy religion, full of sunshine, that Billy Sunday has brought to Kansas City and to the religion of those who already were Christians he has given a new jubilant note.

"Don't look as if your religion hurts you," shouts Sunday. "Some folks couldn't have faces any longer if they thought God was dead. They ought to pray to stop looking so sour," and he walks across the platform mimicking one of those long-faced, sour-faced Christians who act as if religion were like the tooth-ache, while the audience roars with laughter.

There are few tears and much laughter in those Tabernacle meetings. Sunday himself has one of the happiest smiles. He bubbles with good humor and cheerfulness and optimism. His sermons are framed in happy music, and he has set the whole city and all the surrounding country singing: "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" and "There's Sunshine in My Soul."

It's worth a great deal to a community just to have the gospel sing its way into the hearts of the people, and to brighten the gray days of the burden bearers of this old world with such songs as:

If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right,
 There's a song of gladness in the darkest night.
 If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right,
 Every cloud will wear a rainbow, if your heart keeps right.

Many a man whose days were dark; many a woman who saw no silver lining to a dull cloud of her everyday life, is singing now to the hum of the machine, to the rattle of car wheels, to the clatter of pots and pans such songs of salvation as:

Waves of joy o'er my soul, like the sea billows roll,
 Since Jesus came into my heart.

"The devil can't laugh," says Billy Sunday. Neither can he sing, and long after Sunday and his happy band of workers have gone these songs will live to brighten the corner of many a shop and factory and home. — *Editorial, Kansas City Times.*

BILLY NEVER FALLS OFF

If you are one of those thousands who daily have held their breath and wondered if Billy Sunday will lose his balance and fall off the platform this time or the next time he makes a rush across it and brings up poised over the edge, you may be assured.

Billy Sunday has never fallen off. What is more, he does not expect to.

The public has been no more curious about this than the reporters who sit under the edge of his platform. Each day Mr. Sunday takes a creaky chair, one which he has nearly wrecked in emphasizing his sermons, leans back in it over "reporter row." Every time he seems to lose his balance the chair creaks and adds nothing to the peace of mind of the reporter who is trying to watch the crowd and obey the first law of Nature at the same time.

Of course, no self-respecting reporter wants to appear to have lost his nerve, but this preparedness thing is in the air, so it was decided to ask Billy.

Billy, jr., answered for him.

No, his father had never fallen off the platform. Neither had he fallen in the trap where he stands to shake hands with trail hitters. More welcome still was the assurance that he had never made widows

of any wives of newspaper writers, nor cripples of their husbands.

Only once has Billy Sunday ever descended from the platform the front way. That was in Springfield, Ill., when a crank mounted the platform with a whip and struck him. As the crank jumped off the platform the athletic evangelist sprang after him. Mr. Sunday sprained his ankle in doing so, but the audience did not know it, for he went on with his sermon. — *Kansas City Star*.

THE APPENDIX

FOR the sake of convenience and the compactness of the narrative, many facts which are of interest to the student of the Billy Sunday campaigns have been omitted from the running account. They are here gathered together in an appendix, which follows the chronology of Mr. Sunday's career as closely as possible.

N. W. Rowell of Afton, Iowa, is authority for the statement that the campaign in that town began March 6, 1901, and concluded on the 27th of the same month. The number of conversions given is 300 and the free will offering \$750. Mr. Rowell adds this statement: "not to exceed 10 per cent of these 300 remained faithful members of the church."

Among the earlier campaigns for which no absolute date can be assigned is that of Bedford, Iowa. Rev. J. W. Neyman, pastor of the Baptist Church there, placed the conversions between 300 and 400 and the free will offering at \$925. He says there were no assistants, but in all probability he has forgotten Mr. Fischer.

Rev. C. H. John, secretary of the Nodaway County Anti-Saloon Alliance, at Maryville, Mo., writes, "Mr. Sunday was here some 15 years ago. The church people failed to give him any support in the way of co-operation and his work here was not a success. Personally I never have thought that the

fault was his. The Maryville churches were at 'ease in Zion' and did not want to be disturbed. Their greatest need today is one or two months of such work as Billy Sunday is able to do." From all of which it appears that even in that early part of his work Mr. Sunday did not always meet with the co-operation which is essential to his greatest results.

The editor of the *Gazette* of Sterling, Illinois, another one of the early campaigns, gives the number of conversions as 1,652 and the free will offering as \$3,250.

In light of developments it is almost amusing to find instances where a Sunday campaign has completely passed out of history. Repeated inquiries to various sources of information in Elgin, Illinois, provoked the answers that so far as these people knew Mr. Sunday had never conducted a campaign in their city. Mr. Fischer, the first musical assistant of the evangelist, however, fixes the date as early in 1900 and credits Elgin with being the seat of the first tabernacle ever built for these meetings. The future may see in Elgin a repetition of the history of Homer, whose last resting place is claimed to be in several cities through which the poet begged his way in life.

The editor of the *News* in Atlantic, Iowa, fixes the campaign in that city as February, 1902, the number of conversions 565 and the free will offering at \$1,500. Fred G. Fischer and local pastors constituted the only assistants at the time.

Beginning with the year 1904 reasonably definite records are available.

Marshall, Minnesota, enjoyed a successful campaign in the months of January and February, 1904,

the number of conversions is given as 620 and the free will offering \$2,100.

The campaign at Keokuk, Iowa, marks the first appearance of Rev. I. E. Honeywell. The work in that city began the 5th of October, 1904, and continued for four weeks after which the evangelist and his party moved to Pontiac, Illinois. In Keokuk there were 900 conversions reported, and \$1,900 in free will offering.

Exactly one month was spent in Pontiac. The campaign began November 5, and closed December 5, 1904. The number of conversions is given by the editor of the *Leader* of that town as 1,054 and the free will offering as \$2,503. Rev. Mr. Honeywell and Fred G. Fischer were the assistants.

Even at this period of his work Mr. Sunday made frequent long jumps between his campaigns.

Canon City, Colorado, according to the editor of the *Record* of that town, had a campaign beginning March 26, 1905, and ending April 23, after which Mr. Sunday went to Macomb, Illinois. The number of conversions is given as 934 and the amount of money given to Mr. Sunday as \$2,200, while \$2,300 was required for local expenses. In addition to Mr. Fischer and Rev. Mr. Honeywell, a Mrs. Connett of Cheyenne, assisted as soloist.

At Macomb, Illinois, the campaign started April 29 and concluded May 28, 1905. The conversions are given as 1880 and the free will offering to Mr. Sunday, \$3,146.30.

W. H. Davidson, Managing Editor of the *Burlington Hawk-eye*, Burlington, Iowa, is the next to report a campaign. "Mr. Sunday," he says, "came to

Burlington from Aledo, Illinois, beginning his meetings here on Thursday, November 9, 1905. The meetings closed December 17. After a week's rest at his home in Chicago Mr. Sunday went to Rochester, Minnesota, where he began a series of meetings on December 28, 1905. The result of his meetings in Burlington were 2,500 conversions, and a free will offering of \$4,000. Mr. Sunday was assisted by Rev. I. E. Honeywell, as chief of staff, and F. G. Fischer, musical director."

The Rochester, Minnesota, meeting almost equaled that of Burlington according to the report of A. P. Gove, editor of the *Rochester Daily Bulletin*. Mr. Gove locates the campaign as beginning December 28, 1905 and ending January 29, 1906, "The first sermon," he says, "was not preached until December 30." From Rochester Mr. Sunday went to Princeton, Illinois. The number of conversions is given as 1,244 and the free will offering at \$2,206.81. "In addition to this sum and the expenses of the campaign \$16,000 was raised immediately following the closing of the Sunday meetings for the construction of a Y. M. C. A. building." The same assistants participated in these meetings as in the previous ones.

After a rest of only a few days the Princeton, Illinois, campaign opened February 11, 1906 and concluded March 17, after which Mr. Sunday again returned to Minnesota, that time to the town of Austin. The number of conversions reported was 2,225 with a free will offering of \$5,170. The assistants were the same as at the earlier meetings of that season. The statements made here are vouched for by H. U. Bailey, editor of the *Bureau County Republican*.

Judged in numbers the Austin, Minnesota, campaign did not measure up quite to the mark of the campaign or last two preceding. It opened in March and resulted in 1,387 conversions and a free will offering of \$2,367.53. This is the first campaign of record where Rev. Elijah P. Brown, one-time editor of *The Ram's Horn*, appears as an assistant. From Austin Mr. Sunday went to Freeport, Illinois. The data of the Austin campaign is gathered from the files of the *Herald* of that city.

Mr. Sunday's second incursion into Colorado was made at the opening of his work after a summer's rest September 22, 1906, at Salida. The campaign ran one day less than a month closing October 21, according to F. C. Woody, cashier of the First National Bank at Salida. Mr. Woody does not give the number of conversions, but the unofficial record is 612, which compares with the usual ratio observed between the number of conversions and the free will offering which in the case of Salida was \$1,300. This is the first campaign in which "Fred" is mentioned as having charge of the tabernacle.

By the opening of the next season Mr. Sunday had largely increased his working force. His campaign at Galesburg, Illinois, began Saturday evening, September 28, 1907, and continued through Monday evening, November 4, of that year. From Galesburg he went to Muscatine, Iowa. The conversions are given as 2,508 and the offering as \$6,340.71. In this campaign not only did Mr. Fischer, Mr. Seibert and Rev. Elijah P. Brown, assist in the work, but a Mr. Butler appears as soloist, Miss Miller is mentioned for the first time as having charge of Bible class and

Melvine E. Trotter assisted at the meetings. W. W. Whipple, editor of the *Galesburg Mail*, is authority for data concerning the campaign in that city.

The proportions of the campaigns continued to grow steadily. At Muscatine, Iowa, according to Frank D. Throop, publisher of the *Journal*, there were 3,579 conversions and a free-will offering of \$5,611.23. These meetings began November 10, 1907, and closed December 15. After the Muscatine campaign Mr. Sunday went for a visit to his mother who then lived in Kansas. He remained there over the holidays resuming his evangelistic work at Bloomington, Illinois. His assistants included Fred Seibert, F. G. Fischer, Mr. Butler, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harper. There were 74 meetings in all and the campaign involved an expense of \$4,500, which Mr. Sunday as usual raised in addition to the free-will offering. This was one of the first places where an effort was made to keep track of the total number of attendants and they are estimated in excess of 180,000.

At Bloomington, Illinois, according to J. L. Scofield, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the tabernacle was made to seat 5,000 which was the largest up to that time. Bloomington took on itself the credit of being the scene of the first big meeting. The campaign opened December 27, 1907, and ended February 3, 1908, after which Mr. Sunday went to Decatur, Illinois. "The tabernacle cost \$4,500," according to Mr. Scofield, "the meetings lasted 38 days with 3,865 converts. Mr. Sunday received \$7,763.17 and the expense of the meetings including the tabernacle was \$7,786.54. We had 102 regular meetings, with 375,-

400 attendance; 896 cottage prayer meetings, with 1,400 attendance; 25 Court House meetings for men with 1,500 attendance. Meetings for women were held with 10,500 in attendance. In all a grand total of 414,000." Mr. Pledger was Mr. Sunday's assistant, Mr. Fischer had charge of the music, Mr. Ackley, pianist, Mr. Seibert in charge of the tabernacle, Mr. Gill, advance man and Miss Miller, Bible teacher. Mrs. Sunday also assisted in the women's work. During the meetings Mr. Sunday had a number of evangelists and missionary workers come to Bloomington to assist for a day or two at a time."

The records established at Bloomington were immediately distanced at Decatur, however, and the invincible nature of the Sunday organization was further demonstrated. W. F. Hardy, editor of the *Herald*, has abstracted from his files the information concerning the meetings and vouches for its accuracy. He says: "The campaign opened February 7, 1908, and continued until March 17, after which the evangelist left for Charleston, Illinois. The number of conversions was 6,209 and the free-will offering \$11,379.56. The assistants were Clifford Pledger, evangelist; Fred Seibert, custodian of the tabernacle and personal workers; Fred G. Fischer, chorister; Charles Butler, soloist; and B. D. Ackley, pianist.

Making his first entrance into what is usually known as the East, Mr. Sunday opened a campaign at Sharon, Pennsylvania, in May, 1908, continuing for five weeks, after which he returned to Winona Lake for a vacation. According to Ralph W. Roberts, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the number of conversions in Sharon was 4,700 and the free will offering \$6,200.

The assistants were Messrs. Fischer, Ackley, Gill, Pledger and Seibert, and Miss Miller.

Following his vacation Mr. Sunday once more returned to Illinois opening his fall work with a campaign at Jacksonville. The first meeting was held on September 25 and the series continued through November 5, 1908. This campaign immediately preceded the one at Ottumwa, Iowa. *The Jacksonville Journal* gives the conversions at 3,002 and the free-will offering \$7,837.20. The usual assistants participated. They were: B. D. Ackley, Fred G. Fischer, Fred Seibert, C. P. Pledger and Charles Butler.

Ottumwa, Iowa, enjoyed one of the big meetings of the fall of 1908. E. P. Canny of the *Ottumwa Courier*, is authority for the statement that: "Coming from Jacksonville, Illinois, Mr. Sunday began a series of meetings in Ottumwa, November 6, 1908 and continued through to December 16." The number of conversions is given as 3,732 and the free-will offering is given as \$7,355.77. The assistants were C. P. Pledger, Charles Butler, soloist; Fred G. Fischer, choir leader; Fred Seibert, in charge of tabernacle; B. D. Ackley, pianist, and Mrs. Muirhead, woman assistant.

Many new phases of the work are developed in the campaign which followed Ottumwa, when Mr. Sunday made his first excursion into the extreme West, conducting a series of meetings at Spokane, Washington. Spokane was the largest city the evangelist had undertaken up to that time, and he had doubts in his own mind as to his ability to handle so large a place. Spokane at that time had a population of 100,000. Spokane established a new record in the tabernacle line, building a structure calculated to seat

10,000. Rev. Conrad Bluhm, of the Centenary Presbyterian Church at Spokane, reports the number of conversions as 5,666, and the free-will offering as \$10,871. The assistants were: Rev. C. P. Pledger, B. D. Ackley, Fred G. Fischer, Charles Butler, Fred Seibert, Mrs. Muirhead and Miss Miller. Rev. Mr. Bluhm was intimately connected with the campaign and in speaking of it says: "His meetings began on Christmas night. I had feared the opening night, it happening on Christmas. Probably the most extensive publicity he had to that time received was given to announce his advent to Spokane. We used the big advertising cars of our two trolley companies; we sent to all the suburban railway stations huge posters; we roused the Inland Empire of which Spokane is the nerve center, a district the size of New England, New York and New Jersey combined; we got the unanimous support of our three big dailies; also of most of the suburban press; we had large prints of the evangelist in the windows of the majority of our homes; and from the pulpit, the hustings, and every place where two or three were gathered together there we met them and they were Billy's. The impossible had been accomplished — the man who was unknown, and who by most of our people was looked upon simply as a good evangelist instead of the evangelistic genius of America, had suddenly become the first man among us; Christmas night the citizens gave him a reception that fairly swept the evangelist off his feet — the place was packed to the doors!

"Mr. Sunday has been in few places where his work has been more fundamental than in Spokane. To this center men happened from the British Colum-

bias, from the Wenatchees, the Yakimas, from points in Oregon, from the coast, and from far off California. Later, from all these points, word came back expressing gratitude for the Providence that had led them into the meetings that became their starting place for heaven. Similar letters came from hundreds who were converted by reading the excerpts from the papers of his wonderful sermons."

The fall of 1909 found Mr. Sunday again in Colorado, this time at Boulder. The meetings began there September 5, and concluded October 10. The number of conversions is given at 1,347, and the free-will offering \$3,496.91. Among the assistants appears for the first time Miss Anna MacLaren, the vocalist whose work has become such a pronounced feature of the Sunday campaigns; Fred G. Fischer, B. D. Ackley and Mrs. Muirhead also appeared, while Colonel Gill is reported as the builder of the tabernacle.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, followed Boulder, Colorado. The campaign began October 29 and continued through to November 21, 1909. From Cedar Rapids Mr. Sunday went to Joplin, Missouri. At Cedar Rapids the number of conversions is given at 2,906 and the free-will offering as \$7,000. Rev. John Linden assisted in these meetings together with Mrs. Muirhead, Miss Anna MacLaren, B. D. Ackley and Fred G. Fischer. W. G. Young, editor of the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, concludes his recapitulation of the campaign with a characteristic expression. "We like Billy Sunday."

Mr. Sunday's first appearance in Ohio, where he was subsequently destined to break all previous records, was made at Youngstown. In Ohio Mr. Sunday encountered a different sort of population and

a different class of people, and the success of his efforts was another demonstration of the efficiency of his system and the uniform favor of Providence which has followed all the evangelist's campaigns. The Youngstown meeting covered the months of January and February, 1910. It opened immediately following the Christmas holidays which intervened between the Joplin, Missouri, campaign and Mr. Sunday's appearance in Ohio. From Youngstown, Mr. Sunday went to Bellingham, Washington. Mr. E. L. McKelvey, a prominent merchant of Youngstown, reports the conversions as 5,965 and the free-will offering as \$12,000, a sum considerably in excess of any to that time contributed. Mr. Sunday brought to the Youngstown campaign the most complete organization he had had up to that date. It comprised, Rev. John M. Linden, as assistant; Albert P. Gill, as organizer; Fred G. Fischer, chorister; B. D. Ackley, pianist; Mrs. Sunday; Miss Frances Miller; Mrs. Rae Muirhead; Miss Anna MacLaren; Homer A. Rodeheaver, as trombone solist, and Fred Seibert as custodian.

For his next efforts Mr. Sunday returned to Pennsylvania holding meetings at New Castle. There his campaign opened September 18, 1910 and continued through October 31. Pennsylvania responded even better than Ohio had done up to that time, showing 6,683 conversions and \$13,098 free-will offering. according to the *Herald* of that city. Rev. Mr. Honeywell reappears as an assistant; Mr. Rodeheaver had become chorister, and other helpers included Mrs. Muirhead and Mr. Ackley.

Returning to the West the forces were reaugmented for the campaign in Waterloo, Iowa, which began November 7, 1910, and closed December 19. The assistants were Homer A. Rodeheaver, choir leader; Mrs. Rae Muirhead, for work among women; Miss Anna MacLaren, as soloist; Mr. B. D. Ackley, pianist; Miss Frances Miller, as Bible teacher; A. P. Gill, as architect; Fred Seibert, as custodian of the tabernacle; and Rev. I. E. Honeywell, as assistant evangelist. Edgar W. Cooley, of the *Waterloo Reporter*, is authority for the statistics of the meetings in his city.

Returning from Waterloo to Ohio, Mr. Sunday took up a series of campaigns which practically covered all the larger cities of the state, excepting Cincinnati and Cleveland. It was his work in Ohio probably more than anywhere else that attracted national attention to him and brought him invitations from the largest cities in the land.

Rev. Mr. Randles commenting on the Wilkes-Barre campaign says:

“With regard to the number of converts, this needs to be said, quite a number were members going forward to take others forward, some were members that by this expressed a desire to reach ‘higher ground’ or to leave out of their lives things that they had been led to see were wrong. Some pastors report a number of duplications, some of the duplicate cards bearing different dates (I think this came thru new converts taking others forward a little later and thus being counted twice.) On the other hand this does not count the large number converted in the

weeks following the meeting. As an example my church received 184 cards, yet to date we have added 240 to full communion, almost all of which can be said to have been the result of the meeting. I think that a very conservative estimate would be that 15,000 were added to the churches of the Wyoming Valley."

South Bend, Indiana, concluded the range of Mr. Sunday's activities prior to the summer rest for 1913. The meetings there opened April 27 and concluded June 15. The accepted number of converts 16,398 and the free-will offering \$11,200. The assistants were the same as those who participated in Columbus, excepting Mr. Collison.

Wilbur R. Armstrong of the *South Bend Tribune*, who observed the entire campaign, makes the following comment:

"If the Creator had seen fit to make 50 Billy Sundays simultaneously instead of but one, I am firmly of the opinion that the army of Christianity would shortly become the most formidable organization the world has ever known. That number of evangelists of the Billy Sunday type with his organization behind them could revolutionize the world, big as it is. The baseball evangelist is undoubtedly the most remarkable preacher of his age and the whole truth in regard to the effective work he is doing never has, and probably never will be known. Much of the benefits of a Sunday campaign are buried in the young boy, the young girl, the home, society and business and the general public will never be able to secure all the facts — and it is not necessary.

"Billy Sunday undoubtedly has as many true friends and as many bitter enemies as any man in America today. His friends know him largely through his unusual work, and his enemies know him as a destroyer of their particular business or an enemy of their particular acts, or they are totally ignorant of the man. Some of his most bitter opponents in South Bend would not have gone near one of his meetings for \$5,000, much as they love gold. It made them purple in the face if they were so much as invited to his tabernacle, so afraid were they that they might change their opinion of him. The best estimate of the baseball evangelist I have ever heard was by Joseph D. Oliver, Indiana's plow magnate. He said: 'There is nothing better in men than Billy Sunday himself, and few things worse than his imitators.'"



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